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THE RELIGION OF WORK AND BUSINESS.

BY C. PALFREY, D. D.

THERE is a great deal of work to be done in this life of ours. We are not placed upon the earth, like some of the inferior animals, merely to browse its spontaneous fruits, without care or labor or forethought for our own subsistence. We have to work for our living with our hands or heads, or both. It is true, that all do not work. Some find themselves in a condition to evade their share of the universal task, and to get a living out of the toil of others : but they have no moral right to do so ; and they suffer an inevitable penalty in the moral degradation of an idle and aimless life. We are all bound to labor, not merely for the bare subsistence of our bodily life, but for all those things, which, in the course of human progress, have become necessary to the most complete development and enjoyment of which our life in this world is susceptible. I know that luxury, which is false civilization, creates many artificial wants, that ought not to be gratified ; but the true civilization of man, the progress he was evidently designed to make, the normal development of his intellect, his taste, his social, moral, and spiritual nature, — brings him to the perception of new wants that ought to be satisfied, the means of satisfying which ought to be accessible to

all, the satisfying of which makes ever-increasing industry necessary.

The only man who can really afford to be lazy is the savage, in the lowest stage of society. His wants are few, and easily supplied. He can divide his time between eating and sleeping. But every step of his advancement towards the most refined state of society reveals to him wants of which he was previously unconscious, and imposes upon him the necessity of labor. Never was the world so busy as it is to-day, amidst the high civilization it has reached. All the contrivances of science and art for economy of labor do not save labor, but stimulate production. The poor laborer has hitherto experienced the benefit of them, not in increased leisure, but in the abundance and cheapness of many comforts, which, a few generations ago, were beyond the reach of all but the most wealthy.

Thus we find that the condition of all life,—what truly deserves to be called life,—the fullest, completest life we can live, is unceasing exertion. Whence that necessity? It arises, we see, out of all the circumstances of our earthly condition. How came that condition to be ours? How came we in it? Not by chance, certainly; not by blind fate; not by the operation of necessary laws: but all this varied human life of ours, the material world in which it is lived, in all its changes, all the web of circumstances that make it what it is, rest upon the infinite bosom of God. He contrived it. He upholds it. It is perpetually directed and modified by influences of his spirit. It expresses his purposes. Therefore all the necessities involved in it were imposed by him. All the work that it demands of us is his work. In the right, faithful, diligent doing of that work, we are serving him. This thought of God's intimate presence and unceasing agency in all the details of our life is essential to all right views of life, and all right use of it.

As this is the fundamental idea upon which all true morality relating to work and business rests, it is worth while to illustrate it by showing its application to some of the principal departments of human industry. One of the most impor-

tant of these is that which was first assigned to man. The tiller of the soil, whether he is conscious of it or not, is in fact helping to fulfill one of the benevolent designs of Divine Providence. God meant that the earth should produce all that it can be made to produce, by the most improved methods of culture. But he left a part of this purpose to be accomplished by the skill and labor of man. He did not create the earth, teeming at once with all the choice fruits it is capable of bearing, and place man upon it merely to pluck and eat, without any exertion of his own. He made it a luxuriant wilderness, stored it with the seeds of all that is necessary for the sustenance and gratification of man and of every living thing, and laid up in its bosom the genial elements suited to cherish those seeds, and bring forth their fruits to perfection, but requiring the hands of an intelligent workman to cause it to produce its fruits in highest perfection and greatest abundance, and so to sustain the greatest possible amount of animal life. Can there be any doubt that the Creator designed that this work should be done; though he saw fit, for wise purposes, that it should be completed by human hands rather than immediately by himself? The cultivator of the earth, then, is working upon a vast and glorious plan, helping to fill out the picture of a rich and beautiful world, sketched by the divine Artist, co-operating with the Father of all in the multiplication of food for the great family of living beings.

So, too, of the mechanic arts. The end of these arts is to produce articles of utility, convenience, comfort, and refinement. Those articles do not grow: they must be made. The materials of which they are wrought are abundantly provided in nature; and man is endowed with the skill and inventive power which enables him to fashion them into instruments for use, or elegant forms for the gratification of taste. And all these things conduce to the happiness of man, and help him on in that progress in refinement which he was designed to make. These circumstances show the purpose of the Creator, that these things should be made, used, and enjoyed. The artisan, then, is also a minister of Providence. He, too, is helping to fulfill an important design.

He builds the dwellings of the human family, makes their furniture, provides their clothing, constructs the tools and machines that lighten their toil, and the ornaments that conduce to their refined enjoyment, and promote their civilization.

The merchant, also, is an agent of Providence. The different climates of the earth are made to differ in their natural productions ; not that each may enjoy exclusively what is peculiar to itself, but that, by a free interchange, each may partake of the blessings of all, and that the various families of man may be bound together by a mutual supply of wants. This distribution is effected by traffic in all its departments. The merchant is the factor of Providence for this purpose. His warehouse is the garner in which the divine hand has brought together the productions of the remotest corners of the earth, that they may be distributed in his neighborhood, and that with them may be dispensed comforts and enjoyments that could not else be obtained.

Work is done, not by the hands only, but by the brain also. Head-work consumes the strength and vital energy of the body more rapidly than manual toil. Let the intellectual worker always be considered as occupying a place among the laboring classes. All right labor of this sort, also, answers beneficent purposes that are a part of the scheme of Providence. The student, who investigates the phenomena and laws of matter and mind, and interprets to his fellow-men the traces he thus reads of the creative mind of God, or makes useful discoveries, or turns his knowledge to good account by inventions that subserve the welfare of his race ; the poet, who purifies and enlarges the souls of men by the fervent utterance of elevated thought and sentiment, and by opening to them worlds of ideal purity and excellence ; the jurist, who studies the science of right, as it has become complicated by the manifold intricate relations of society, so as to be able to instruct men as to their just claims and obligations, and to prevent disputes, or to settle them when they have arisen, or, when they are brought to adjudication, to assist in the establishment of justice ; the physician, who watches over the health of others, and aims to keep their bodies in such a con-

dition that they can best enjoy life, and most effectually perform its labors and duties ; the minister, who is ordained to assist his fellow-men in all that pertains to the development and exercise of their spiritual nature ; the teacher, who unfolds and trains the growing powers of childhood and youth, and prepares them for future usefulness ; all who are employed in any of the offices, from the highest to the lowest, of any of the departments of government, and so contribute to the promotion of that great interest of humanity, the maintenance of civil order, — these all occupy places that God has manifestly provided, which he meant to be filled, and which he designed for good. It is needless to multiply examples. Think of any occupation in which men ever engage ; and then answer the questions, Is it honest ? Is it useful ? Can it be carried on without detriment to any one ? Does it do any sort of good to the bodies or the souls of men ? If so, then know that it is a part of God's economy of human society. A divine idea underlies it. There is a way in which God meant the work of that calling to be done ; the way in which it will do most good. To observe what that way is, and so to do the work, is an essential part of true religion.

The employments that have been mentioned are usually considered to belong to men. Some of them, however, are now — more, it may be expected, will hereafter be — occupied by woman in common with man. There is a sphere, however, which is exclusively hers, and which is as manifestly God-appointed and designed to be a ministry of good, as any sphere of human activity. The occupation expressed in our good mother English by the term "housekeeping," understood in its widest sense ; the wise ordering of the affairs of the household ; the government of the little domestic kingdom ; the prudent economy of its revenue ; the immediate provision for its daily sustenance and comfort ; the care of making it the abode of peace, order, and love ; of making home such a source of blessing to all its inmates as it is capable of being, — how much of human happiness depends on the faithful performance of this function ! And does it not afford as much exercise of mind and discipline of character, and give as fair

an opportunity of moral and spiritual development, as the occupations that fill the days of most men? Above all, the office of educator is hers by nature. She is almost alone with childhood, at its most susceptible period, when the future tendencies of character are determined by the slightest causes. Her power over the young child is all but supreme. This, her natural and legitimate influence, is immensely powerful. The world will never know the extent of its obligation to the mothers of good and great men.

What now is the effect which this view of secular occupation should have upon the feelings with which it is regarded, and the manner in which its several operations are carried on?

First, it may be said, that work, all useful labor of head or hands, is honorable. It is co-operation with Almighty God. "My Father worketh hitherto," says J  sus, "and I work." The divine energy is unceasingly active in upholding and reproducing. The glory of God is chiefly manifested by the perpetual production of good to all living beings. This, then, is true glory. To this the humblest man may aspire. He may, in his humble capacity, imitate this unwearied occupation in well-doing. Yet the general judgment of men has been different from this. Immunity from labor has been regarded as the badge of nobility, the most desirable of human conditions, a worthy aim for all who can ever hope to reach it. He who can live upon wealth accumulated by the toil of other hands, and who consumes the fruits of the earth without effecting a single beneficial end in the world, has been considered the great man, and has been the envied one. But, to a correct judgment, he who has caused two blades of grass to spring up where but one would otherwise have grown, or has fashioned any of the materials of nature into the rudest tool, is greater, and deserving of higher honor, than he.

This view of work and business draws at once a line of distinction between right and wrong occupations. Of course, among the manifold opportunities and resources that the providence of God offers to the use of man, he is free to abuse and pervert some. He may employ them for ends for which they were not designed, and work evil for himself and others

where God meant only good. To this test should every occupation be brought: Is it useful? Does it not only bring gain to him who engages in it, but is it beneficial to the community? Does it supply any real want? Does it conduce in any way to the true welfare of men? Or does it do harm to body or soul? Does it minister to any depraved propensity? Does it promote vice? All occupations that cannot stand this test should be at once and utterly abolished. How can they for a moment be imagined to be a part of the divine plan?

So, too, would all low and base arts and dishonest practices, in the prosecution of a calling that is right in itself, vanish before the spirit that would be inspired by this view of work and business. They could not co-exist with it. They would be felt at once to be utterly unworthy of one who performed so noble a function as the humblest man would be conscious of performing. How could the work of God be thought to be accomplished by iniquity? Every man would feel himself to be laboring for the good of the whole and for his own private interest only in subservience to the general good.

This spirit will also prompt a man to do his work in the best possible manner. If it is a part of the design of God that the work of a particular calling should be done, who can doubt that it is his will that it should be well done? If he left it to be done by human hands, who can doubt that he meant it to be done as perfectly as the powers he gave for the purpose will admit? Sympathy with the divine intention will inspire a love of perfection, and a desire of realizing it in all one's work. Many things go to constitute the perfection of a piece of work, which are known only to him whose profession it is to do it. A religious motive will lead a man so to do it as to satisfy his own highest conception of the manner in which it ought to be done; that is, in the way in which he must believe that God meant it to be done, although he might have done it less perfectly, and no human eyes would ever have detected the deficiency. When a man becomes truly desirous of serving God in the business of life, the method of doing so, that will first suggest itself, is this,—of doing

that business in the most thorough, complete, and faithful manner.

Another view of secular work that has been taken leads to the same conclusion. Such work is a service of man as well as a service of God. It is a service of God because it is a service of man. Every occupation, the object of which is to produce articles of utility for others, places him who engages in it in certain relations towards those who will use the articles he produces. Their interests, so far as the use of those articles is concerned, are placed in his hands. If he is faithful in his work, they will receive from it the greatest benefit. If he is unfaithful, their comfort, convenience, and advantage from it will be the less. A man who has a just view of his calling, who regards it as a means of serving others as well as himself, will consider the interests of the unknown consumer of his productions, and will not satisfy himself with furnishing an article just good enough to pass the inspection of an unskillful purchaser, but will make it in such a manner as he himself knows will be most serviceable. And the same principle evidently applies to every occupation and profession which intrusts to a man's hands any interests of his fellow-men, touching the welfare of their bodies, souls, or estates.

Upon a man's having this view of his calling, or having it not, it depends whether he will resemble the brute animals, who are caused, by the instincts given them, unknowingly to accomplish the designs of Providence for the good of themselves, or of their kind ; or to answer yet higher ends, like the coral insect, who fancies that it is only providing itself a yearly habitation, when in fact it is laying the foundation of islands, and perhaps, eventually, of continents ; or whether he shall resemble the angels of heaven, who can enter to some extent into the divine plan, and can admire its grandeur and beauty, and sympathize with its benevolence ; who give it the full and free consent of their whole souls, and who do the work of duty earnestly and joyfully, because it is the will of God, and because it is a ministry of love to fellow-beings.

THE JOY OF THE LORD.

A SERMON. BY REV. C. C. SHACKFORD.

"Enter ye into the joy of your Lord."—MATT. xxv. 21.

JESUS speaks in another place of imparting *his* joy. What is that? His joy sprang from no external conditions of prosperity and success. His love of obedience to the divine will and his love for the good of man were such, that suffering, hardship, loneliness, and contempt, persecution and sorrow, were to him fountains of joy. That is no real love which delights in sharing only the comforts and pleasurable excitements of a beloved object. That is a natural and superficial feeling common to all. But the pure, human love has its deepest joy in entering into the sufferings, the low estate, the heavy griefs and wretched experience of its object, and is blessed only as it can thus be allowed to enter.

What mother's joy consists only in the beauty, the success, and the health of the beloved child? What so opens the deep fountains of the soul as the suffering weakling, the moaning, pain-stricken one, for whom the eye forgets to close in sleep, and the exhaustless strength wells up into every fibre of the frail and bending form? What wifely love is that which finds its highest satisfaction in days of enjoyment, and proud exultation in him who stands strong and successful by her side? The joy in loving finds that the deepest spring is not moved, except in tears and anguish, in woe and suffering.

These may serve as illustrations of the joy of Christ, — that love which gave the parables of The Lost Sheep and the Prodigal Son; which announced the heavenly chorus to be joy over the repentant and the returning sinner. Did these parables spring from any outward view of objects contemplated? or were they not really the declaration of what constituted his own heaven and his own life? Because he was a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief, he possessed the truest joy. He spoke from the heaven within his own soul; and

from that deduced the law of the heavenly life and the character of the divine perfection, the fatherly love.

Our nature is constituted so great that joy is in proportion to the sacrifice made for the objects of love. That which comes without effort, struggle, sacrifice, may confer some degree of pleasurable sensation, gratify the taste, and meet some of the external desires ; it may please the love of display, may minister to the comfort of the body, ward off annoying stings, and keep back dejecting fears : but what joy is in that future which comes to one from without, and which he has done nothing to earn ! Manhood really exalts only in manly deeds. The heroic soul can joy only in heroic endeavors and heroic sacrifices. The joy of virtue is in conquest over evil : the joy of immortality is in overcoming death. The true martyr-spirit would not resign its place at the burning stake for the seat upon the purple throne. To love, of any kind, all obstacles seem light, and all effort seems easy. It does not measure out its need of service, or have any profit-and-loss balance wherein its sacrifices and toils are weighed. It does not seek with how little it can answer the calls made upon it, but undertakes each duty for the joy it feels therein, and is cast down that the deed ever seems so to lag behind the desire to do. There gushes up from the heart the well-spring of joy, watering, as it overflows, even the desert-sands from which come no smiling flowers or nourishing fruits. The deepest joy comes from what we give, and not from what we receive. Therefore is God said to love the sinner more than the saint, because to the one, and not to the other, flow forth the fountains of mercy, compassion, and forgiving tenderness and grace.

That for which we pray and toil, which we tenderly forgive, and for which we lovingly sacrifice bright hopes and happy prospects, sunlight days and peaceful nights, — *that* entwines itself around every fibre of the heart, and moves to deepest joy. Jesus invited to hardships and labors, to persecution and deaths ; not to merry hours and festive gladness. He knew the true source of blessedness for human souls.

And so every great cause that has enlisted the ardent en-

thusiasm of men has appealed to what was noblest and deepest in humanity, and has won its most faithful adherents, not by promises of ease and delight, but by the call for self-sacrificing toil and never-ceasing peril, by holding forth the prospect of hardship and loss. "Soldiers," was the address of one who judged from his own noble heart what appeal to make to them in the hour when they were to decide whether to follow him or not, — "Soldiers, in recompense of the love you bear your country, I offer you hunger, thirst, cold, war, and death. Who accepts the terms, let him follow me." Every man, with enthusiastic shouts, went with him to meet the foe.

So with the great religions in their inception and early progress. Not then do the living receivers smooth away the demands, and make easy the path to be trodden by the faithful and the true. The uniform tenor of the declaration of Jesus to those who would follow him was, "Ye follow me to crucifixion and death." And Christianity has been said to owe its early spread and rapid hold upon the world to woman. Appealing more than any other religion to what was pure in renunciation, holy in devotion, and perfect in self-sacrifice, it struck upon the deepest chord of woman's nature, in whom are manifest those affections, the very life of which is the giving-up of self and of ease, and putting on the garment of care and pain for those she loves. The ideal figure of woman is that of one who offers herself as a sacrifice upon the altar of affection; finding her highest joy in consecration; merging her own thought and joy and self even, in another soul; more willingly working for the glory and success of father, son, brother, husband, than for her own.

It was that joy in submissive consecration, that willing adoption of the deepest life in the affections, which made her a slave and a passive instrument of man's stronger thought and more imperious force in all the past; but it was that also which responded to the noblest utterances of Christian truth, and the purest precepts of a supreme devotedness to a life of heavenly love. Through woman it was that the soul-moving teachings of the divine man of Nazareth penetrated the Roman household, and infiltrated into the pores and recesses of

the corrupt heathen world. Women were among the first and most faithful martyrs, for they were trusting and true : they were the most ready recipients, for a voice within them told clearly how divine, how in harmony with the ground-tone of their being, was this call, not to happiness, but to joy through hardness and anguish, through self-denial and pain. She was not repelled by the outside of "the man of sorrows," that form of Christianity so simple, so seemingly rough and plain by the side of Pagan pomp, Epicurean allurements, and sensual felicity ; but through this mask she —

"Beheld the soul's true face."

She had —

"The faith and love to see,
Through that same soul's distracting lethargy,
The patient angel waiting for his place
In the new heavens ; and nor sin nor woe
Nor God's infliction, nor death's neighborhood,
Nor all which others, viewing, turn to go," —

Not all this could repel the loving heart of woman. It was the claim which called out a deeper and a holier love.

In the descent of Christian truth from this elevated and divine sphere, it became clothed in the vulgar forms of a promise of triumph over enemies, Messianic reigns, future happiness and idle enjoyment, catching the dusky mists and enveloped in the lurid atmosphere of Oriental luxury, and barbarian rudeness of sensuous thought. How different the portrayal of heaven and hell from the teachings of Jesus, so grand and calm in their outline of spiritual reality and intense depth of holy meditation ! Still, over all and in the midst of all, there was heard the trumpet-call to renunciation, to self-immolation and pure heart-consecration, martyr-existence and martyr-death. Still, the brightest forms that illumine the long track of sensuous thought, worldly accommodation, and vulgar, earthly exaltations, are the forms which rejoiced in him who had no nest like the bird, and no hole like the fox ; him who wrestled in the wilderness and suffered on the cross ; him who was buried in the grave, and had his lot

with the malefactor and the outcast, — the poor, the enslaved, the sinful, and the condemned of men.

And, in considering what was the joy of Jesus as contrasted with the vulgar estimate, we are to bear in mind that the latter depends upon outward means and appliances, — is partial, and confined to a few ; the other is universal, and belongs to humanity in every form and under every sky. The one is the ordinary idea of happiness, and depends upon outward goods and favoring circumstances which belong to only the few, born, it is said, under some lucky star. But joy springs from the soul itself ; joy springs up from the acceptance of the hardest and most seemingly evil lot. It comes from loving, and not from being loved. It is the overflowing fullness of the fountain which blesses, and does not wait to be blest. Truly does one say, " It is nobler to love than to be loved. We may lack those outward qualities which would give us power to attract attention and love ; our souls may naturally ache for human love, and yearn for it with sighs and tears : but, after all, it does not vitally concern any of us, whether others love us or not ; our right aim is to be lovely, and to love, and not to be beloved. Oh, let us know, that, if love be ours, all is ours. We want for nothing then. Let us not sit here, wetting our path with these selfish tears, because we are unbeloved ; but go out and love the stones and stars, the men and women, and the children in the streets. This is what we are to live for : it is a little thing to be loved, but to love is all. The talented may think me talentless, and esteem me not ; the moneyed deem me moneyless, and heed me not ; the lovely in body or in soul slight me, and pass me by : —

" ' Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love.' "

Happiness, then, may be looked for without, if one desires that inferior good ; but joy springs up within, — the gift of character, and not of fortune. If there is, within, the longing after external good, the hell of envy, discord, and unrest ; if there is the tossing sea of passion, covetousness, and hate, — in vain will the outward gleam with splendor, and lure with sen-

sual charm. Too great is this soul, too divine in its capacities and needs, for a complete satisfaction in the vain search after happiness and the delights of a selfish and worldly love. Still will be heard, from the most favoring means of outward enjoyment, the wearisome sigh of satiety, or the groan of un-resting desire, or the desiring cry, "Who will show me any good?" And in the midst of this discord, this tumultuous heaving of the billows of weary dissatisfaction, comes up the invitation "to enter into the joy of the Lord." He knew what a rest was to be found there, and there alone: he felt how easy and how light were this burden and yoke, for his own blessedness was in bearing them.

If this, then, is the spiritual law of joy, how can it change with the transfer from this scene of being to the heavenly sphere? Can any place or any outward environment give joy anywhere to one who does not know what joy is here? Are we to seek after it there? or can it be poured upon us? Are we to be exhorted to be religious in order that we may have bestowed upon us this reward of eternal happiness? Surely this is too low and gross a view. Joy comes to us, and in vain shall we go after it. When all the faculties of the soul are seeking after, and occupied with, their appropriate objects; when they are absorbed in the endeavor to obtain goodness, nobleness, truth of character and of doing, — then springs up the fountain of joy, and the desert of life becomes like a garden which the Lord has blest. It comes, always and only, when unsought: it cannot be purchased, but is given "without money and without price." Get into heaven, and you will not thereby compass it. You must carry it with you whenever you would find it. It must gush up from within, the welling-up of love, submission, earnest consecration and pure purpose, out of the central, divine depths: it is the melodious harmony breathing from out the shrine and sanctuary of the eternal Presence, — the voice of the Father, saying, "This is my beloved Son." This is the joy of the Lord, the joy in blessing, and in being of service in the appropriate sphere, — the joy in acceptance of the Father's will.

Can the glory of the heavenly state be other in kind than

this? Shall we admit, for a moment, the idea of heaven as a place where the faith or the services of this life are to be rewarded by rest and ease, and freedom from all that will annoy and disturb; where there is no discipline and no struggle, no glory of the dawning or splendor of the evening sky; where all are alike happy through outward enjoyments? Must not the heaven there be as the heaven here,—the joy in love, the joy of a harmonized being, a soul fulfilling and obeying the eternal, spiritual laws of blessedness? Is it not more blessed to give than to receive, there, as well as here? Is it not the joy of the Lord to bestow and to bless? This is the very essence and soul of love here below,—to look not to self, but to another's good. "The one joy and beauty and delight here below," says an earnest thinker, "the one thing that redeems this earth, is love, which is always self-sacrifice. But it is a sacrifice which *is rejoiced in*, and so is not felt as evil. All that a man wants, to be in heaven, is to have that perfect love, so that evil to the self shall not be felt as evil, but shall be converted into joy."

THE SABBATH IS HERE.

FROM KRUMACHER.

THE Sabbath is here: it is sent us from heaven.
Rest, rest, toilsome life;
Be silent all strife;
Let us stop on our way,
And give thanks, and pray
To Him who all things has given.

The Sabbath is here. To the fields let us go :
How fresh and how fair,
In the still morning air,
The bright golden grain
Waves over the plain !
It is God who doth all this bestow.

The Sabbath is here. On this blessed morn,
No tired ox moans,
No creaking wheel groans ;
At rest is the plow ;
No noise is heard now,
Save the sound of the rustling corn.

The Sabbath is here. Our seed we have sown
In hope and in faith :
The Father he saith
Amen ! Be it so !
Behold the corn grow !
Rejoicing, his goodness we'll own.

The Sabbath is here. His love we will sing,
Who sendeth the rain
Upon the young grain ;
And soon all around
The sickle will sound,
And home the bright sheaves we will bring.

The Sabbath is here. In hope and in love
We sow in the dust ;
While humbly we trust
Up yonder shall grow
The seed which we sow,
And bloom a bright garland above.

E. L. F.

GOD IN THE STILLNESS.

THERE is a false hope with which many a man deludes himself in his religious, or rather irreligious, apathy. He is not religious at present, but he hopes he shall be some time. For though the world's din is so loud about him at present, yet is not there the future, holding in it darkness and vicissitudes and death, awful mysteries and terrible possibilities? And, in these visitations, does not God come his nearest to us, and speak to us his loudest? Somehow I am without God in the world yet: but he will come from out of the future to meet me; and then my spirit will be awed at what will happen of his doing. Or, in the darkness with which he will surround me, my soul from within me will cry out for the living God. A misapprehension, a mistake, this. For, if God is waiting in the years of the future for us, then most likely it will be stilly, silently, that he will approach us, rather than in events of magnitude, mystery, or terror.

Awful events have God's awfulness in them, we think. But they happen to us; and then, for some reason, they do not feel especially divine. Great scenes have God's greatness in them visibly, we think; and yet, somehow, it is not perceptible at the first look.

However, this is a subject, perhaps, which can best be spoken of from personal experience.

"Oh," thinks the landsman, with his feet firm on the earth, "but on the open sea, — a storm at sea! That is what would make a man feel; ay, and feel God." Yet once, in a storm at sea myself, I was astonished at my feelings, which were not religious at all, unless my calmness was, and that, perhaps, was divine trust; but, if it were, it was not what came with the wind. The wind roared about the vessel like a voice out of the throat of destruction. The ship was heaved from wave to wave: it was flung headlong down slanting waves. It was what the sea rolled over, like a helpless wreck, at times. There was a crash of planking above

and stout boats on deck were stove in. Down in the dimly lighted cabin, it was suddenly dark with the weight of water that rolled across the window above. To myself it was the most awful scene I had ever known ; and yet it was not awful with God, but only with wind and water. The wind went roaring by, like a terrible threat that would never end ; but there was no feeling in it of the wrath of God. Moment by moment, it was as though we had either to be saved or perish ; and yet I had no fresh feeling about the will of God in it. " Strange ! " I thought : " It is strange, that out here, in the open sea, God is about me in such might, and I feel him so little ! Strange, that here, in the waves, I am pitched, as it were, from hand to hand, across deep gulfs ; and yet my safety feels no more providential than this ! Strange, that God should be come about me in the tempest ; and it is only the tempest I feel, and not him ! "

I had little feeling of God at that terrible season ; perhaps even because of the tempest, because of my being kept in a state of vigilance, amazement, and curiosity.

And, the first day I saw Niagara, my soul was full of thought and feeling, but not of God. I saw the waters come over the fall, looking like almightiness, that might so easily be destruction. Oh the vast breadth of the falling waters, the great deep roar of the gulf, and the smoke that goes up from it day and night ! Everywhere roaring and falling water, — everywhere about ! This side and the other, from above and from beneath, such a fall and a rush of water ! Always with you, — forever with you, — the sound of many waters ! A sound as of a multitude of voices ; human voices, though. Strange it was ; yet at first, in that majestic roar, I heard nothing of God, but only the power of falling water, or, at most, a word as to the world's perilous make.

It was not till I had got a little accustomed to the scene, that I began to feel the religiousness of it. And it was only with the calming of my feelings, that I began to feel God there. But many a time, on my knees, or while sitting in stillness at my table, I have heard God speak to me louder and more touchingly than I heard him at Niagara.

And once it happened to me to be at the point of death ; but I did not find there what is usually expected, — divine terrors, holy humiliation, anticipations so vivid as to be like awful glimpses of another world, a lonely solemn fronting of the Almighty. I was in what I was saved from, almost, perhaps, only by the hand of miracle, in a danger, an extremity so great. Yet I felt no nearer God with my sudden nearness to death. I was not frightened. I thought of a thousand things, — things I could like to have done, things I was leaving. "And how strange it is," I thought, "how strange that I should be thinking of these trifles ; that they are what come to my mind, and not God ! I am down in the grave : it is even closed over me. And I am in the dark forever. Yet my soul is only as it was. It is almost in the very hands of the living God, and has no feeling of it.

I have no doubt but that the reader's own observations have been often like my experiences. And he will have noticed what will make him believe of himself, that, for knowing God, he must be still.

I could tell many things of these experiences of mine. In sudden peril, I have seen men feel much, and I have heard them call out upon God, as though, like the pale moon, he had become bright about them in their sudden darkness. And yet it was not so. A strong word they wanted, — some passionate word to call out. And so they called on God. But for any feeling for what new trust they felt, for any hope they had, they might as well have called on Matthew or Mark.

And I have known frivolous men grow earnest with the ending of life ; yet not divinely earnest : earnest only as a dog that shrinks from a pool that he may drown in ; not earnest as a soul that feels the mystery of life thickening at death, and the brightness of God gleaming on it through the dark, and strange new feelings of another world waking up to make this world, at the very end of it, feel more awful.

Often, with great things happening to him, a man is so stupefied that he feels nothing, or he is so amazed that he feels nothing rightly ; and often, in a sudden peril or loss, a man is not himself, : so how should he be becoming religious when he is not even sensible ?

And very often, when something extraordinary happens to a man, he fancies himself affected otherwise than he is. In a house darkened with death, I have known a man think himself grown religious, while really he was only sad from missing some old comforts, and from thinking that he would have to die himself some time. The man was afflicted, he was "smitten of God;" and he said it was of God, but simply because he knew it must be, and not that, in his soul, he felt it was so. A man may see another die, may have his dearest friend vanish by death from his sight, and feel loss and pain and agony in the occurrence, and yet not God—not at all know of God in it.

It is not for us, then, to be trusting to the religiousness of things that may perhaps happen to us in the future.

Though, no doubt, it may prove for us, what it often is for others, that the coming of trouble and experience and years is the coming of God.

In a great loss of money, a frustration of worldly success, I have known a man confronted by God, and spoken to, "Thus far canst thou come, and no further." And, with the awe of the divine voice in his ears, his earthly loss felt nothing. And a man, suddenly called to die, I have known feel his soul, as it were, about to slide away on God's spirit to heaven. And sometimes, on a great misfortune, I have known a man have his sudden agony suddenly subside in his soul, and the very peace of God possess him.

Oh, beneath the cloud of adversity, how tender is sometimes the soul's meeting with God! And yet in that darkness, at first, perhaps God is met with only by those whose souls were already on the move towards him.

But, for having that movement to begin with us, what shall we do? It may be that our hearts would throb with some of his rarer displays of power were we to feel an earthquake under our feet, or to see a volcano fling its fire up the midnight sky. It may be, that we should feel how awful God is were some comet of old times to trail its fiery length low in the firmament; or were some ancient pestilence to come again, and sweep the earth with its invisible might,

making it be scant of inhabitants, and full of fear. It may be, by some high mountain, we should feel its Maker's "eternal power and godhead." And it may be, with walking through tropical forests, we should feel ourselves overshadowed with a presence of love and beauty, that our souls from within us would answer to.

And it may be that it would not be so. But, whether or not, these are not things that are likely to happen to us. Not after that manner, but by some other way, are our souls to become religious.

You think to know God by looking towards him from under another sky than this, or by having your minds excited by the terrors or the joys that coming years may bring you. "Oh," you say,—"oh that I knew God better than I do! But I am hard of heart, and soften my heart will not. Almost I could pray that a thunderbolt from God Almighty might startle me! Oh that he would speak! His voice ever so awful! Oh that I could go somewhere, and hear it! were it ever so far, still I would journey and go. Oh that I could know God, though it were by ever so much struggle and ever such terrible scenes! God—that I could know thee! oh that I could!"

And hark! The word of God! It is here, and it is addressed to you. It is himself, God, speaking to you,—“Be still, and know that I am God.”

And still, quiet, self-possessed, you can be. And, if you would know God, be still; for, by being still, you can know him if you wish. Because God will come in upon your soul when the doorways of your mind are no longer filled with crowding thoughts of business or pleasure or self.

Your sins, your daily aberrations from right,—think of them, pray against them; pray to have them forgiven and prevented; and, with the growing life and holiness of your conscience, there will grow upon you a new feeling of God,—a sense of being in communion with him; awful, very awful, yet friendly, and even familiar almost.

Whenever your soul is moved to prayer or praise, do you worship. If it is only “Blessed Lord God Almighty!” yet

say it. These feelings, that would have us turn to God, rise in the soul, we know not how ; and they may be quenched, we know not how easily.

"O my God!" The words are as easy as any words. But the feeling of them — that — oh! that — where does it come from? Not of my flesh, not of my will, but of what is the mystery of my make, of what is divine in my relations.

"Yes, from our own experience, if we have been living to any spiritual purpose at all ; from the very nature of our souls, it is said to us as religious seekers, solemnly, touchingly, and as though from the source whence inspiration comes, — Be still in your thoughts : be still, and know that I am God."

KEBLE'S "CHRISTIAN YEAR."

WE do not know how familiar this book may be to our readers ; but our impression is, that, while some value it almost as much as we do, the greater part have been kept from the knowledge and enjoyment of it by regarding it only as an Episcopalian book. Such it certainly is : but so is Thomas á Kempis Roman Catholic ; yet his holy pages have been the strengthener of piety to many a Protestant. So is "Pilgrim's Progress" Calvinistic ; yet who, for this, would deny himself the pleasure and instruction of tracing the Christian's path to heaven by the light of that beautiful allegory? When a true poet and a true Christian writes, the result of his loving labor is not to be confined within the limits of a sect. Keble himself claims for Christianity a share in all classic beauty.

"Immortal Greece, dear land of glorious lays, —

Lo! here the unknown God of thy unconscious praise."

Much more may we claim, for our common Christian faith, the holy thoughts and holy words that derived from it their inspiration, though he who gave them utterance belonged to a section of the fold remote from that which we occupy. We should not call ourselves Liberal Christians if we could not allow at times for an expression that implied a different creed or a different ritual from our own.

Few books have produced so great an effect as this. From its appearance has been dated the movement in England so long known by the names of "Tractarian" and "Puseyite;" and it makes us look on that movement with more charity to learn that it had any connection with such a book as this. If we have fancied that it was merely a zeal for mediæval architecture and church adornment, for the divine right of bishops, or even for mystical views of the communion, and for the worship of the Virgin Mary, we shall be undeceived when we take in hand the work that first excited it, and find it full of exquisite poetry, overflowing with love to God and man; and, if these emotions are blended in love to Christ, those of us who hold that he is the image of God, and the holiest type of humanity, will appreciate and share the feeling. We may be assured, indeed, that mere rhymes about arches and upholstery, about religious ceremonies or mysterious doctrines, would not have stirred the heart of the English people as this book stirred it; and if, when the national church awoke from its lethargy, a portion of its new-found energy displayed itself in such directions as these, it could not have been reasonably expected that all who felt the influence of Keble's spirit should have possessed equal elevation of mind with him.

Like many others to whom the Christian community has been deeply indebted, the author of this book occupied no conspicuous station. He was simply the Rev. John Keble, a country clergyman. But since his death, at an advanced age, and with the testimony of those who knew him to the saintliness of his character, those of other denominations have united in the tribute to his memory which was inaugurated by the church he loved so dearly, and to whose spiritual elevation he so greatly contributed.

The book is not a controversial one. We recall but two or three pieces that are argumentative on doctrinal subjects. One is that entitled "Esau's Forfeit," which advances the common course of reasoning to prove the eternity of future punishment; another, that on St. Matthias' Day, which argues, from his appointment, the permanence of the apostolic order. So, in the lines on Trinity Sunday, is an illustration of that mysterious doctrine from the union of the three parts in music; expressed with much poetic beauty, whatever may be thought of its strength as an argument. More generally, doctrine and form are not insisted on, but taken for granted. There is something of the argument against the Romish Church in the verses for the day commemorative of the Gunpowder Treason; but never did controversial writing end more lovingly.

"And, oh! by all the pangs and fears
Fraternal spirits know,
When for an elder's shame the tears
Of wakeful anguish flow,

"Speak gently of our sister's fall:
Who knows but gentle love
May win her at our patient call,
The surer way to prove?"

With these exceptions, we do not recall a piece that can rightly be regarded as polemic in its character.

The arrangement of "The Christian Year," on which this book is founded, appears, to most of us Congregationalists, complicated, obscure, and unprofitable. To talk about Sexagesima Sunday, St. Philip's and St. James's Day, the Fourth Sunday in Lent, or the Second in Advent, seems to us to be bringing into religious services a collection of unmeaning words. But these words, to those who have been used to them all their lives, have a meaning. Some of the terms, indeed, are antique, their origin scarce known; but they came down from ages, when, to the illiterate crowd of recent converts from heathenism, this arrangement of days gave a view of the events in the Saviour's history far more distinct

than they could otherwise have attained. The ecclesiastic year begins a month before Christmas; the portions of Scripture assigned to be read having reference to the coming of Christ, and to the testimony of the Baptist who preceded him. From this beginning, all the Sundays in the year are arranged in a manner, which, in some instances, — as at Easter and Whitsunday, — follows well-known dates, but of which, in other cases, the guiding principle is not so distinctly seen; but the whole being a series of memorials to recall the chief events in the life of Jesus. A volume of poems then, on the "Christian Year," is a series of illustrations of that holy life. Thus, of Keble's book, the Saviour is the grand subject.

We will now offer a few specimens, beginning with that which was the favorite hymn of F. W. Robertson. In his memoir, vol. ii., p. 306, is the following passage: —

"Before him there lay in the still evening light a wide expanse of pasture-land dotted with weird thorns, and rolling up to a hill covered with firs. In the distance, sharply defined against a yellow sky, was a peculiar mountain-peak, dark purple. A faint blue mist was slowly rising, and had filled the hollows. The wind was singing loudly through the withered bents of grass. He was silent for a few minutes, and then, as if to himself, began slowly to repeat Keble's Hymn: —

"MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

"Where is thy favored haunt, Eternal Voice,
The region of thy choice;
Where, undisturb'd by sin and earth, the soul
Owns thine entire control?
'T is on the mountain summit dark and high
When storms are hurrying by:
'T is mid the strong foundations of the earth,
Where torrents have their birth.

"No sounds of worldly toil ascending there
Mar the full burst of prayer.
Lone Nature feels that she may freely breathe,
And round us and beneath

Are heard her sacred tones : the fitful sweep
 Of winds across the steep
 Through withered bents, — romantic note and clear,
 Meet for a hermit's ear, —

"The wheeling kite's wild solitary cry,
 And, scarcely heard so high,
 The dashing waters when the air is still
 From many a torrent rill
 That winds unseen beneath the shaggy fell,
 Tracked by the blue mist well, —
 Such sounds as make deep silence in the heart
 For thought to do her part.

" 'T is then we hear the voice of God within,
 Pleading with care and sin :
 ' Child of my love ! how have I wearied thee ?
 Why wilt thou err from me ?
 Have I not brought thee from the house of slaves,
 Parted the drowning waves,
 And set my saints before thee in the way,
 Lest thou shouldst faint or stray ?

" ' What ! was the promise made to thee alone ?
 Art thou the accepted one ?
 An heir of glory without grief or pain ?
 O vision false and vain !
 There lies thy cross ; beneath it meekly bow :
 It fits thy stature now.
 Who scornful pass it with averted eye —
 ' T will crush them by and by.

" ' Raise thy repining eyes, and take true measure
 Of thine eternal treasure.
 The Father of thy Lord can grudge thee nought :
 The world for thee was bought.
 And as this landscape broad, — earth, sea, and sky, —
 All centres in thine eye,
 So all God does, if rightly understood,
 Shall work thy final good.' "

In contrast with the majestic grandeur of the scene here described is the tenderness of the lines that follow, — a few verses from "Holy Baptism : " —

"Where is it mothers learn their love?
In every church a fountain springs,
O'er which the eternal dove
Hovers on softest wings.

* * * * *

"O happy arms, where cradled lies,
And ready for the Lord's embrace,
That precious sacrifice,
The darling of his grace!

"Blest eyes, that see the smiling gleam
Upon the slumbering features glow,
When the life-giving stream
Touches the tender brow!

"Or when the holy cross is signed,
And the young soldier duly sworn
With true and fearless mind
To serve the Virgin-born.

"But happiest ye, who, sealed and blest,
Back to your arms your treasure take,
With Jesus' mark impressed,
To nurse for Jesus' sake.

* * * * *

"O tender gem, and full of heaven!
Not in the twilight stars on high,
Not in moist flowers at even,
See we our God so nigh.

"Sweet one, make haste, and know him too,
Thine own adopting Father-love,
That, like thine earliest dew,
Thy dying sweets may prove."

Many of Keble's pieces have reference to the duties, the feelings, and the trials of the pastor. Such, among others, are those entitled "Holy Orders" and "The Fishermen of Bethsaida." Such is "The Disobedient Prophet," ending with the solemn warning, —

" Alas, my brother ! round thy tomb,
 In sorrow kneeling, and in fear,
 We read the pastor's doom
 Who speaks and will not hear.

" The grayhaired saint may fail at last,
 The surest guide a wanderer prove :
 Death only binds us fast
 To the bright shore of love."

But our favorite among pieces of this kind is "The Restless Pastor Reproved." With a few verses from this, we close our extracts, happy if we should introduce, to any who have not yet known him, one of the purest and sweetest, the most elevating and consoling, of Christian poets. He has been speaking of the fascinations of worldly fancy to the young clergyman.

" I would have joined him ; but as oft
 Thy whisper'd warnings, kind and soft,
 My better soul confessed.
 ' My servant, let the world alone :
 Safe on the steps of Jesus' throne,
 Be tranquil and be blest.

" ' Seems it to thee a niggard hand
 That nearest heaven has bade thee stand,
 The ark to touch and bear,
 With incense of pure heart's desire
 To heap the censer's sacred fire,
 The snow-white ephod wear ?'

" Why should we crave the worldling's wreath,
 On whom the Saviour deigned to breathe,
 To whom his keys are given ;
 Who lead the choir where angels meet,
 With angels' food our brethren greet,
 And pour the drink of heaven ?

" When sorrow all our heart would ask,
 We need not shun our daily task,
 And hide ourselves for calm.
 The herbs we seek to heal our woe
 Familiar by our pathway grow ;
 Our common air is balm."

ON
MIRACLES AND THEIR SIGNIFICANCE.

MIRACLES AND PNEUMATOLOGY.

THERE is, of course, a science of spirit, as certainly as there is of nature. And even if it should be thought to be utterly inscrutable by men, it yet must exist somewhere; and no doubt, it is well known to "Uriel the angel," and to "Michael the archangel," and to Raphael and the rest of "the seven holy angels, which present the prayers of the saints, and which go in and out, before the glory of the Holy One."

However men may think or despair about it, pneumatology must exist somewhere, as certainly as geology does, or astronomy. And why should it be inconceivable that men should learn it, to that humble extent, which immediately concerns mortals? Science as to the soul, would not seem to be any more improbable of attainment, than formerly science was, as to the body, and as to those laws by which the body for its wonderful make, is only less wonderful than a spirit itself. It is a subject, however, which has been so confused and embroiled, as scarcely even to be mentionable; though it may yet really, perhaps be very simple. But often simplicity is more bewildering than art. And continually, as to spiritual things, it is as it was at Chorazin and Capernaum, in the time of Christ, when they were revealed unto babes, while kept hid from the wise and prudent.

Pneumatology, as the method by which the universe is informed with spirit and divinely governed, is certainly an impossible attainment for us "living creatures;" nor perhaps will any mere mortal ever fully understand that occurrence in the spiritual world, of which Daniel was told in a vision, by a man, with a face like lightning, and with a voice, like the voice of a multitude. "Then said he unto me, Fear not, Daniel: for from the first day that thou didst set thy heart to understand, and to chasten thyself before thy God, thy words

were heard, and I am come for thy words. But the Prince of the kingdom of Persia withstood me one and twenty days : but, lo, Michael, one of the chief princes came to help me ; and I remained there with the kings of Persia. Now I am come to make thee understand what shall befall thy people in the latter days : for yet the vision is for many days."

At the time of this vision, and with a view to it, Daniel had been abstaining from flesh and wine, for three weeks. When the vision occurred, the men who were present, saw nothing, but they felt what made them quake and run away. Daniel himself lost all his strength, and lay on the ground in what is called a deep sleep. But the sleep was a state, in which he could hear, and speak, and remember. His body was asleep in all its senses, probably ; while his spirit was awake, and therefore aware of it. For a few minutes, perhaps, and by an experience like the beginning of death, Daniel was in a state in which he could talk with angels, like one of themselves, and see them with the eye of his immortal spirit, and hear them with his inward spiritual ear.

Pneumatology may not be able at present, to explain every word which an angel may have spoken on earth, nor to disclose the higher mysteries of the spiritual world, nor to make us understand what exactly was meant as to angelic superintendence, where it was said to Daniel in the vision, "I will show thee that which is noted in the scripture of truth. And there is none that holdeth with me in these things, but Michael, your prince." But pneumatology can suggest the manner by which Daniel was able to talk with "one like the appearance of a man ;" and it can adduce classical narratives and monastic annals, and medical experience, and the facts of animal magnetism, to illustrate from the mortal side, what that deep sleep was, by which there were spirits about him, as he "was by the side of the great river, which is Hiddekel."

The New Testament presupposes the pneumatology of the Old Testament ; and there can never be a right understanding of the New Testament, until for faculties, susceptibilities, and hopes, the human soul is thought of, agreeably to that opinion of it, which was held in common by Jesus and his

first disciples, and along with them, by St. Paul, as he wrote his epistles. There are Christians, who philosophically are materialists, and who hold that man is only organized matter, and that indeed the word soul, as it is used in the Scriptures, is a synonym for a human body. And there are spiritualists, who are strongly opposed to these materialistic Christians; yet for whom, the soul is in the body, but like a pip in the core of an apple. Joseph Priestley was a materialist; yet his dogma as to the constitution of human nature, would include in its sphere, all the spiritualism worthy of being mentioned, of more than half of his opponents. It is a common experience, and a common confession, with laymen of clear, discriminating minds, and especially if they have been legally trained, that they can read the Scriptures readily and well, for all the ends of piety and morals; but that continually at words and points of great interest, perception seems to fail them. And that failure is for want of pneumatology.

There is to be read, "The word of the Lord, that came unto Hosea, the son of Beeri" An intelligent reader, with such earnestness as has availed him in commerce, or with such courage as has sustained him in deep investigations, feels rightly, that it might be a half of the worth of the message, to know how it came, and was apprehended as being divine. A rationalist may tell him that the word of the Lord is a figure of speech, and a bishop may advise him to trust the words blindly. But as a sensible layman, even though unable to see any better than his advisers, he will know them both, for blind leaders of the blind, certain of falling into a ditch. Whereas a man, who knows when it is dark about him, and who also believes in light and in its coming, will sometime, with patience, find himself in the porch of that temple of truth, where the Lord is the nearer for being called upon; and wherein are ways which are not as the ways of men; and from the steps of which once, "holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost;" and withinside of which, in some coming age, according to the prophets, men even yet "shall be all taught of God."

There is a pneumatology implied in the Scriptures, however

latent it may be in this materialistic age ; and it is of the utmost importance. What would the epistles of Paul be, without the Old Testament being to be known of ? And the Old Testament again cannot be fully understood apart from the knowledge which it presupposes as to its earliest readers ; and which indeed, was a pneumatology according to which, false gods might be actual beings, and as an effect of which, men were predisposed to believe in the supernatural or the spiritually wonderful, rather than to feel as many men boast of themselves, at present, " I would not believe it, even if I saw it ; no, not I ! "

Of this science of the soul, the Catholic Church has always had something, while Protestants have never held anything definitely and unanimously. And therefore as fronting the Pope, always Protestants have been a discordant host. And among them all, in these latter days, the most dissonant have been people eminent for science, or divines with a predilection for it, and who have been persons acted upon in a way, which Paul knew of, when " the world by wisdom knew not God. "

Science, or information about the ways of God in matter, or with bees and elephants, is at the most, but a mere hint as to the power, and intelligence, and will, and intuitions of him, who from outside of nature, and from above it all, proclaims as to souls held in it, at school, " Behold, all souls are mine : as the soul of the father, so also the soul of the son is mine. " And unsophisticated souls, as they look upwards, know and feel themselves to be endowed and to be distinguished by faculties, which worms and fishes, and birds and beasts have not. Men live inside of nature, as it is called, as moles and butterflies, and eagles and lions do. But there is not a very fool of civilization, nor an aboriginal savage anywhere, but by the ongoings of his thought, is evidence as to a Providence higher in order, and farther reaching as to its purposes, than what even the elephant can be subject to.

And yet as to what God may be meaning with the soul of man, the soul itself is often almost the last witness to be examined. From science, as it anatomizes the human body,

theology learns that God is wonderful at the adaptation of means to ends: but theology just at present, very seldom asks of pneumatology what the human soul may have been disclosing of its nature, adaptation or correspondences. The theology of the day knows disproportionately much about the Dead Sea, and ancient sites, and as to mint, anise, and cummin, and tithes in the Holy Land; but it is at fault as to "the first principles of the oracles of God."

A man may be of a name, illustrated in many ways, and through many generations, and at the battles of Bannockburn, and Evesham, and on the field near Hastings. But even though also the man could derive his descent from an age anterior to the Tower of Babel, and even directly from Tubalcain, what would it all be for glory, in comparison with what probably he would be disabled from feeling by ancestral pride, and that is, the actual height of his descent! For fleshly parentage is but the channel, through which the universe itself gives birth to human beings endowed with feelings, by which every man is akin to every spirit, in the image of God, everywhere, irrespectively of time and solar systems, and by which also he is blessed with faculties, which will manifest themselves afresh to all eternity, as he passes from world to world, or ascends the heavens, one above another.

The preceding sentiment is worth more than a dukedom to the man who can make it his own. But nearly everybody fails of it more or less, and just as the Gospel is failed of, and merely because of "the lust of the eye and the pride of life."

And the theology of the present day is characterized by a similar externality of view. And thus it is that pneumatology or the experience of men, as to the soul, through thousands of years, is what is utterly unknown in many schools of divinity, though actually it may be called the grammar of revelation. Also, commonly persons read the Bible, being ignorant as to the difference between soul and body, and as to what anciently was understood and believed, as to spirit. And even persons of mental training, will talk about the spirit, as though it were a religious word for the body, and something very simple and familiar. And yet some of these same

persons would be very careful as to thinking about an oyster, or how they gave an opinion about the habits and connections of a beetle.

The degradation of sentiment alluded to above, is a thing of the last hundred years, and mainly of even the last fifty. For, before that time, the word spirit meant more religiously, than it now does ; and it was more nearly akin to revelation and miracles than it is now thought to be.

It has already been remarked that the best thinkers of the Christian Church, have recognized persons of different ages and places, as being prophets who were neither of the seed of Abraham, nor of the Christian name. Capacity for prophecy is of human nature ; while the inspiration itself may be of extra-natural origin.

Christianity and heathenism were in direct daily controversy, when it was held in the Church, that the philosophy of Plato was the long dawn, that preceded the rise of the sun of righteousness. But how different is this opinion from the jealousy of everything spiritual, outside of the Bible, which is so common with Christians to-day !

It has often been a great shock to people, when they have heard, for the first time, that one or two of the moral precepts of Christ had been anticipated by classical writers. As though eighteen hundred years ago, it had been possible for Jesus Christ or for an angel from heaven, to have said anything absolutely new as to mere morality. And so there have been persons who have felt as though Christianity were scandalized because Matthew the publican is found not to have written as good Greek as Thucydides, the historian of the Peloponnesian war, and because the style of St. Paul in his epistles, is not faultlessly classical. But what says Paul himself as to his language ? " Now we have received not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit which is of God ; that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God. Which things also we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth ; comparing spiritual things with spiritual." Why did not Paul pick and choose his words for himself ? Because he was not always

merely himself, when he wrote, and did not wish to be ; and because to an argument, of his own apparently, or possibly, he could add, " And I think that I have the Spirit of God."

Some persons suppose that the preceding words are merely Paul's Jewish way of hoping that he was a good man, and therefore entitled to give advice. Than which a more violent misunderstanding of words, could not well be, if Paul may be interpreted by himself, and by the tone and purpose of his epistles, or even by his words to Timothy about the world's " sinners, of whom I am chief." For these words of Paul, as to his having the Spirit, are expressive of a pneumatology, pre-supposed by the Gospel, and in ignorance of which, the best lines of Paul's writing, fail and fade before the eye of the reader. For, it is as being from over and above him, that the Spirit is authority for the promises, which are made through him, and as to the communion of saints, to the sense of which Paul would quicken us, and as to the liberty which may be claimed and trusted " where the Spirit of the Lord is."

That the Spirit of God, for inspiration, may operate through human receptiveness, irrespectively of nationality, was an opinion which might well have been held by the readers of Paul's epistles, and even by the ancient Jews generally. In the Book of Joshua, Balaam is described as having been a soothsayer. And yet through him was given the grandest prophecy in the Old Testament. And the circumstantial detail connected with that prophecy, is what makes it to be its own all-sufficient evidence, for reality, as an historical occurrence, with all such persons as have any right to judge about it. Balaam was famous as a soothsayer, before the Israelites on their journeying came within his sight. Probably he was inspired by the Lord only on that one occasion, when he was confronted with the Lord's people, with a hostile view. Balak, the king of the Moabites, summoned Balaam and said to him, " Behold, there is a people come out from Egypt: behold they cover the face of the earth, and they abide over against me. Come now, therefore, I pray thee, curse me this people, for they are too mighty for me." It was Baal against Jehovah.

"And it came to pass on the morrow, that Balak took Balaam, and brought him up into the high places of Baal, that thence he might see the utmost part of the people." And probably it was because he was conscious of another kind of inspiration than what had ever come upon him from that Baal, "he went not as at other times to seek for enchantments," or artificial means, by which to fit himself for being spiritually possessed. Balaam was an Ammonite perhaps, or an Edomite, and he was even on one of the high places of Baal, when his spiritual susceptibility was used by the Lord for prophecy.

And if "when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and have come to worship him," it could only have been because of their nature as Magi, having been wrought upon spiritually by the God of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and Moses, David, Isaiah and Daniel. The star by which they were guided would seem to have been visible only to them, and therefore to them only "in the spirit." On finding "the young child with Mary his mother," at the end of their long journey, "they presented unto him gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh." And so through that act of theirs was manifested that from the best of the Gentiles, as well as with the Jews, "the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy."

Plato was for the Greeks what Moses was for the Jews, and was a schoolmaster to prepare men for Christ. This was a Christian opinion in the early days of the Church, and while still Greek meant Gentile. In this sentiment, a belief is implied in spiritual susceptibility, as being an endowment of the soul. And the name of Plato is but the greatest, on a long shining list of natural saints. For, always and everywhere, whether in vile neighborhoods or amidst the splendid temples and monuments of paganism, the simple, longing, unperturbed soul does, by its spiritual susceptibility, become of itself, a temple of the Holy Ghost, and an oracle for consultation, and has in it an odor of sweet thoughts like grateful

frankincense, and strains of sweet music, as though from angelic choirs, high up in heaven.

That the Holy Spirit does not inform men, as to natural history, nor correct them as to bad logic, is not inconsistent with the certainty of its effects, as to enlightenment, and faith. Gregory Thaumotergus said as to Origen, his master, that he had received from God a large share of the greatest of all gifts, that of interpreting the words of God to men, and of understanding the things of God, as if God himself were speaking. Whatever the special application to Origen, may be of these words, they yet illustrate the philosophy of early Christian belief.

Before a man can take, he must have a hand to open and to stretch forth. And for being quickened by the Spirit, a man must be, not a statue in marble, but a living, suffering, craving soul. And it is only as he craves and covets earnestly that the best gifts can either be attracted to him or be received. The gifts of the Spirit presuppose spiritual receptiveness.

And by the variety of the gifts of the Spirit, as they are enumerated by St Paul, is presupposed the variety of the ways, in which men may be quickened, taught, and endowed from above. It is probable that of all the myriads of millions of human beings, that there are no two souls alike, any more than two faces are. And therefore probably with the Spirit, no two souls quicken in exactly the same manner, or are endowed to precisely the same purpose. The young man through it may see visions, and the old man by it may dream dreams. One man is helped by it, as to infirmities, and another as to prayer. One man abounds in hope through the Holy Ghost; and another man through the Spirit is encouraged to wait for the hope of righteousness by faith. By the Spirit of God in his words, one man may cast out devils, without knowing of it, while another man sheds abroad the love of God. "To one is given, by the Spirit, the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge, by the same Spirit; to another faith, by the same Spirit; to another the gift of healing, by the same Spirit; to another the working

of miracles ; to another prophecy ; to another discerning of spirits ; to another divers kinds of tongues ; to another the interpretation of tongues ; but all these worketh that one and the self-same Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will." And not only as to manifestation may the Spirit differ in different men, but more broadly and more distinctly still, must it differ from one age to another, in the Church. And even it may happen, that a man may have been so instructed about the Spirit, as to think of it mainly for some of its more noticeable manifestations, and as being sharpness in the sword of the Lord, or inspiration in psalms and high thought, or as being a baptism of fire, and so may fear that he may be a stranger to it, while yet himself he is actually walking in it.

And indeed it is as men "walk in the spirit" that chiefly it is blessedness. For the more marvelous manifestations of the Spirit, which are the exceptional experiences of individuals, are really for the good of all, just as Peter argues that "no prophecy of the Scripture is of any private interpretation."

One man in a generation may be so rapt in spirit, as almost to have his soul thrill to the joy, which there is in heaven, when some fresh word of the Lord is evolved, or he may be so sensitive through the spirit, as to have some dim sense of angels on the wing, and so appear to have a prophetic instinct as to critical events foreordained of God. Or with being lifted up, in spirit, and breathing, for an instant, what is more than mortal air, a man may have a thought grander than the tone of ordinary thinking, and what may make him famous among his fellow-mortals. But it is scarcely possible for a person to have transcendent experiences, without incurring some earthly disruption. Just as Paul found, after the visions, in which he was called and qualified to be an apostle, that there was lodged with him a life-long trouble, lest he "should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations." And even a man has found himself become a stranger among his kindred, merely from having been sublimed by a prayer, which was of agony and faith combined.

The soul of man is susceptible of the Holy Ghost. It is not

born with the Spirit, but only with a nature fitted for its coming. The apostle Paul asks, "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" And it may be, that it is through the same susceptibility of spirit, that one man receives the Holy Ghost, and another man "drinketh iniquity like water." As a young man with his face in the right direction, Saul had the Spirit of God come upon him. Thirty years afterwards, with his face set willfully wrong, "the Spirit of the Lord departed from Saul, and an evil spirit from the Lord troubled him." And probably the same spiritual susceptibility, by which he had been receptive of the Spirit of the Lord was the channel by which "the evil spirit," sent on its errand, got at him. That spiritual susceptibility, for which perhaps Judas was chosen as one of the twelve, and through which perhaps he received "power and authority over all devils and to cure diseases," was, in all probability, the same susceptibility, through which diabolically it was "put into the heart of Judas Iscariot, Simon's son, to betray him." Demoniical possession as the Jews knew of it, and as it is known of to-day, in many parts of the world, illustrates human nature, as to its susceptibilities spiritually, and as to its exposure to dangerous, disembodied agencies, and invisible forces. But from the Scriptures, it might seem, as though in the age of Jesus Christ that that spiritual susceptibility, by which the "spirit of an unclean devil" could get entrance into the temple of a human soul, was actually what, with a better man, would have been receptiveness of the Holy Ghost. This spiritual susceptibility is by nature; though one man may perhaps have more of it, than another; just as one man is more tender in heart, or poetic in thought, than another. But perhaps by prayer and other means, it is what a man can get quickened and purified for himself, more surely than he can hope as to the enlargement of any other faculty of his nature.

Let this susceptibility of spiritual influence be called magnetic, if it may thereby seem to be more credible. For man is organized magnetism, as certainly as also organically, he is flesh and blood. A skeleton is human, but senseless. A

skeleton properly clothed with flesh and blood is a living creature, with adaptations, by which it is fitted to a world of earth, air, and water, light, heat, and fruits. But as a magnetic man in a magnetic world, I am a creature of affinities and possibilities innumerable. Of many and of most of them, I may have only a faint and scarcely noticeable experience. But whatever any body has ever felt or seen or known, is testimony as to my nature. Also I am alive with odyle, and by the odic force, I am connected with things unknown on the earth and under it.

For indeed man is not born of flesh and blood merely, nor of two parents simply, but of the universe, both material and immaterial, and with an aptitude, which high angels will respond to hereafter, and with a susceptibility as to spiritual influences of various kinds, which is none the less real because often it is very weak, and because whether it is seated "in the body or out of the body," not every one can tell.

By means of electricity, it is possible for a person in Boston, simultaneously almost, to be connected, as to intelligence, with persons, in every city in North America, and perhaps in Europe. And that it is possible for one mind to act upon another, without any intervening agency, and from a long distance, is an established fact of pneumatology; and it has been demonstrated artificially, by mesmerism, many hundreds of times. How often and continually mothers are impressed as to critical events concerning their absent children! And how frequently instances occur, in which the dying believe that they see spirits, and hear unearthly music! Also how numerous, even within the last few years, have been the cases, which have been published of strange and irresistible impulses, which proved afterwards to have been prophetic and guardian!

When all the varieties of information which exist as to the human body, are collected, science would seem to hint, that possibly in the eyes of an angel, man as a mortal may seem like a spirit aglow with all the colors of the rainbow, though with just enough materiality about him, to keep him at school inside of the walls of nature.

Doubt about miracles as not perhaps being natural to man ! But really even bread is not more so ! Miracles — those of the Scriptures, and as being nearer to our own times, those of the New Testament, especially — miracles are true to human nature. But human nature is not like the make of a cast-iron machine working by rule.

And indeed we human beings as children of the universe, and heirs of God, have in us, by birth, a capacity for being born again, and germs also of marvels, which will be opening to all eternity. And thus too, we find ourselves endowed with some powers and affinities, which appertain especially to a world which is to come, but which yet may manifest themselves faintly and fitfully through individuals, in this present world, and so hint for us all, as by flashes of lightning, that, because of the flesh, life at its brightest, is what "now, we see as through a glass darkly."

Such facts as have been supposed to be supernatural, of the nature of dreams, apparitions, and strange impressions and impulses, and which have happened and been published, within the last twenty years ; and such narratives of a mesmeric character as are to be found in the *Zoist* — were these things to be gathered, examined, and collated, with as much care as has been given to the lives and classification of butterflies, and with as much acuteness as what caught the lightning in its ways, then there would result a pneumatology, by which the Scriptures would be illuminated for darkling readers, and by which men would believe in the immortality of the soul, as they never can, until they have some understanding about the soul itself, and discerningly "have tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come."

But some persons perhaps will exclaim, "Mesmerism ! What has that to do with the Scriptures ? A thing of the last century !" It is, however, an old thing. And of its connection with the Old Testament, there is this to be read. Naaman from Syria had been directed, for a cure, as to leprosy, by Elisha the prophet, to wash himself in the Jordan, seven times. But he would seem to have felt himself aggrieved by the simplicity of the remedy, and as though also

Abana and Pharpar of his own country were not better than all the waters of Israel. "Naaman was wroth, and went away, and said, Behold, I thought he would surely come out to me, and stand and call on the name of the Lord his God, and strike his hand over the place, and recover the leper." That the prophet would move his hand up and down, over the diseased part of his body, was what was expected by Naaman according to a correct translation of his words. And apparently it was a mode of healing, which the Syrian knew of, before his resort to Elisha. And it is certain, that mesmeric practice is to be seen sculptured on ancient monuments in Egypt.

Mesmerism is not the Gospel, and God be thanked that it is not, and that there is come to us "the glorious gospel of the blessed God." But mesmerism is more of a gospel than the doctrine of those who believe in spirits and angels, only as pious words in the Bible, and who know of Christianity, in the letter merely, and as though apart from "the everlasting spirit," and who fancy that there can be faith in Jesus as the Christ, with those who cannot conceive of the possibility of a prophet, in the way in which he was thought of, by the Jews of the Old Testament.

It was one of the parables of Jesus, that "The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened." But very unlike the spirit of this parable, is the mental state of some believers to-day, who confess their jealousy of studies, through which any word or incident of the Scriptures, might have its apparent peculiarity diminished. O they of little faith! Would Jesus Christ himself be less important, by having his words fulfilled, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me, the works that I do, shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto the Father?" Do the heavens declare the glory of God the less, because now more is known of them, than what David sung of by inspiration? Is man's make any the less fearfully and wonderfully felt, because of the discovery of the circulation of the blood?

That some sentences in the Lord's prayer, are older than Jesus himself, has been urged as a fact derogatory to Christianity. But it might as well be said in derogation of Jesus, that he made use of common words as well as the common sentiments of his day; and that he was furnished with parables by such common objects, as a mustard-plant, a sower going forth to sow, a net that was cast into the sea, and a woman with ten pieces of silver.

There are persons who feel as though ghost-stories infringed on the Scriptures, as to the revelation of another world. And there have been persons who have held, that there never was any knowledge of a future life, till the preaching and the resurrection of Jesus Christ. Yet it is plain from the four Gospels, that Jesus did not address men as apes and gorillas, but as believers in a world to come. Jesus did not invent the words, "spirit" and "soul," "heaven" and "hell." And when he first used them, they were very old words, and meant conceptions that were ancient. Actually there are theological writers at this present time, who have less knowledge as to the soul, than what was taken for granted by Paul with the heathen, and by Jesus with the Jews. In the middle ages, and in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, theology vindicated for the service of the Church, facts such as are common in the records of animal magnetism. But to-day, animal magnetism is commonly the terror of theologians. Yet men will never be religiously what they ought to be, in the light of these latter days, nor be Christians with Paul's courage, till it shall be understood that pneumatology is a handmaid in the household of faith, and not a suspicious vagabond about the temple, who will not be driven away.

"The word which God sent unto the children of Israel, preaching peace by Jesus Christ," is anything but what ought to be isolated from science, and from the facts of human experience, as they accrue. For, as to the earth, it is as true to-day, for eyes that can see, as it was in the year when King Uzziah died, and when Isaiah saw the seraphims; and when "one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts; the whole earth is full of his glory!"

Fearfulness for the Gospel, as to geology, or animal magnetism, or the publication of the Talmud, or as to the gates of hell, is utterly uncongenial with "the eternal Spirit," and inconsistent with any experience of it.

Who and what then is Jesus Christ? He is "Jesus Christ our Lord, which was made of the seed of David according to the flesh; and declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the spirit of holiness, by the resurrection from the dead." But for us in this age, individually, what is he? He "is the Lord from heaven;" he is "a quickening spirit." And the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, which comes of him, is what my nature has a sense for; and it is also what my nature has groaned for, and travailed in pain, to have come. And this spiritual susceptibility which I have, by creation, not only argues my want, but as under God, foretells also, as to itself, that it will certainly be met from above. "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled." And to-day, as in the first days of the gospel, by God, certainly "the Holy Ghost is given to them that obey" Christ. And therefore through that susceptibility to spiritual influence, which is natural to me, by sympathizing with Christ Jesus as a man, in his heavenward aspirations, I may trustfully expect the Holy Ghost, and be certain of it, even though through me, it may make no "manifestation" of those special "gifts," which though vouchsafed to individuals, yet are for "every man to profit withal."

The Spirit of God may be intimately mine, and so as even possibly to be cunning in the hand for workmanship, as it was with Bezaleel. It may be like a part of myself, and as intimately so at least, as the strength which results from food. But yet it is what is separate from me; and it is what may be quenched in me. David prays to God, "Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me." And Paul writes to the Ephesians, "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption." And to the Thessalonians he writes, "Quench not the Spirit." The Holy Spirit is part of me; it is what I can think by: it is what will inform my prayers for me; it is joy

in me, and it is as though I myself were it, as long as I myself am right. But with vanity or wrong-doing, it fails me, just as his strength fails a fainting man. The Holy Spirit was in me, like the inspiration of my understanding; it was the life of my higher life; it was the soul of my better soul; and it was the holiness of my spirit. And suddenly with sin, it is gone; and my most familiar connection with heaven is stopped. And though I may not have been certain, as to whether I ever did have the Spirit, yet with the loss of it by sin, I know well what I have been parted from.

A man may never have it but once; and indeed he cannot have it more than once, with the same effect — that strange experience of grieving the Holy Spirit, with a sense of revelation afterwards. For when the Spirit is withdrawn, or fails from a person who has been walking in it, his joy stops, and his prayers grow dry and unbelieving. And it is like a revelation by darkness, what he feels, at finding himself to be left to himself, and cut off from heaven, and from that Holy Spirit, which among mortals, is like its outer sphere.

In all this experience as to the Holy Spirit, there is, what essentially is meant by the word, miracles, for there is the experience of extraordinary, extra-natural, and therefore occasional forces. "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth," said the child Samuel by the advice of Eli, the prophet, in the dark, in the temple, and before he yet knew the word of the Lord. And whatever it may be in high heaven, still among us mortals, every word and influence not from the Lord only, but from within of the spiritual world, from any one, is of the nature of a miracle.

Every man is a creature of marvellous possibilities. And by comparison with the uniformity of nature, there are thousands of human beings, at this day, whose lives are of a miraculous character, because of preternatural influences. Miracle! All human intercourse with the world invisible, whether with spirit, or angels, or with God Most High, must necessarily flash with "signs and wonders," as being itself miraculous.

In the *Iliad* of Homer, there is the saying, "The dream is

from Jove." And Cicero has the sentiment that "Dreams are the natural oracle." Let these two quotations represent almost two thousand passages, which might easily be cited from ancient authors, as to the philosophy and authority of dreams, and as to the supernatural communications, of which they have been believed to be the channel. But by dreams, of course, are not meant, mental movements started by an uneasy stomach or any other accidental cause, nor even such wanderings of the mind in sleep, as idleness can have, when much at its ease, and wide awake. The Greeks and Romans knew very well, that dreams have not all the same origin. And men like Pausanias, and the students of Plato, were little likely to attribute the absurdities of a crude stomach to a heavenly origin.

That "dreams are the natural oracle" is a sentiment, which involves the philosophy of revelation. For, it asserts the existence in man, of a susceptibility to the influences of the spiritual world. And that sentiment did not originate in any such nonsense about dreams, as a modern materialist would suppose, but in experiences and traditions, as respectable as the names of Socrates and Plato, as wise as ancient Greece, and as broad as the Roman empire.

But here some one will ask, in the special way of the modern unbeliever, "If it be true that dreams are the natural oracle, why do not I have good dreams? For I am as good as another, certainly." But now it is simply for the same reason, as that for which every man is not a born archangel, nor even a saint of the earth. To justify the sentiment from Cicero, it is enough that one man in a million, should have what is called "a remarkable dream." Just as one true poet in an age, is enough for enabling men to feel themselves aright, and to know of a glory in the world, surpassing that of Mammon, and an interest, compared with which, battles and revolutions are but bubbles.

In the Scriptures, and especially the more ancient, and as though more particularly connected with the primitive, unsophisticated nature of man, dreams or visions in dreams were not uncommon experiences, whence men might infer

themselves to be within spiritual reach. The sentiment in Cicero as to oracular dreams, pagan though it be, coincides with what is said in the book of Job, by Elihu. "For God speaketh once, yea, twice, yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed, then he openeth the ears of men and sealeth their instruction, that he may withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from man." Spiritual susceptibility during sleep, or capacity for visions like dreams, while asleep, would seem to have constituted a prophet. From the pillar of cloud at the door of the tabernacle, the Lord said, "Hear now my words: If there be a prophet among you, I the Lord will make myself known unto him in a vision, and will speak unto him in a dream."

But the susceptibility to spiritual influence, through which a man, in his sleep may have had his soul addressed by angels or spirits, though it may have been a peculiarity with him, for its greatness, was yet certainly not so, for its nature. It is the action of the Spirit, and the susceptibility, which all men have, in a greater or less degree, which is referred to in the prophecies of Joel. "And ye shall know that I am in the midst of Israel, and that I am the Lord your God, and none else: and my people shall never be ashamed. And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh: and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy; your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions: and also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my Spirit." Let there be some change which shall refine the flesh of my body; or let me experience all that is meant by being born again; or let my faculties open heavenwards by the intensity of my faith; or let me be within reach of some Pentecostal outpouring of the Spirit; and I should then know of myself, how it was that "God came, to Abimelech in a dream, by night;" and how true were the words of Jacob about himself, "The angel of God spake unto me in a dream, saying, Jacob: and I said here am I;" and how it was as natural as man talking with man, when Jesus Christ in heaven talked with the spirit of

Paul, while his body was asleep in a house hard by the synagogue in Corinth. "Then spake the Lord to Paul in the night by a vision, Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace: for I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee: for I have much people in this city."

The manner in which Paul was waked up in spirit, while his body was asleep, is a way which is possible with all men, however improbable it may be, that there should ever be common experience of it. And it is of our nature, that in deep sleep possibly our ears might be opened, as Elihu said, and instruction be infused into us. And when Pharaoh and Nebuchadnezzar were inspired with dreams, which were concurrent with Divine Providence, it was through their natural susceptibility to spiritual influence, and not through such an operation of Almightyness, as would be necessary for making a statue of Hercules dream and remember.

The dream was described by Cicero as being a natural oracle, in contradistinction to other oracles, which were got from gods and demons by various artificial means. At Delphi, they were obtained through a woman, who was supposed to be entranced by Apollo; at Lebadea, after certain ceremonies of purification, the oracle was got in the dark cave of Trophonius, sometimes from a voice there, and sometimes by other means. In Greece, there was a cave, which Pausanias saw, by the wayside, in which was a statue, with a table before it; and at which, oracles were to be obtained by the throwing of dice. And there was a temple in Egypt, at which oracles were got by asking questions before a wooden image, which was thought to answer by shaking its arms, when possessed by a demon.

To all the preceding ways of obtaining oracles, the Jew would have been opposed. He would have acknowledged them as being real, probably; but he would have repeated to himself, the commandment, "I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage. Thou shalt have no other gods before me." But the Jew would have joined with Cicero, as to his sentiment about the dream-faculty, and would have acknowledged

it, for a part of the primitive religion, which was before Abraham was.

As to dreams, which have been vision-like for veracity, there is an allowance to be made, according to the doctrine of chances, for cases of mere coincidence. But after everything has been said and allowed for, it would seem as though in every country, there may always have been occurring, dreams of an extraordinary nature, enough, fairly considered, to make everybody feel himself to be a creature of spiritual faculty, and spiritually connected.

But at this point, there are persons who would exclaim together, as one man, "Dreams! and meant seriously too! Dreams! as though there ever could be anything in a dream! It is too ridiculous!" But is Plato then ridiculous; or is Socrates? Is Plutarch ridiculous; or are the philosophers and heroes of whom he is the biographer, mostly ridiculous? Ridicule! was Cicero a subject for it; or of the two Plinys, was either the elder or the younger; or was Galen? And can a subject be ridiculous, whereon as to belief, along with the foregoing great names, nearly and probably, all the Fathers of the Church coincide, from Polycarp to St. Augustine? And whether intended or not, it cannot but be a laugh of pitiable inanity, which happens to be turned simultaneously against Cardan and Petrarch; against the Emperor Theodosius and the Emperor Charles the Fifth of Spain; against Francis Bacon, and Halley the astronomer; against Sir Christopher Wren, and Sir Roger L' Estrange; against Defoe and —

But enough of this! For there is no man but must feel abashed, when actually he finds himself to be lightly laughing in the grand awful face of antiquity, and with the fathers, martyrs, and doctors of the Church against him.

But indeed the man, who is the grandchild of the last century, and the child of this, is almost necessarily a person of contradictory notions. And so it often happens that a person will say philosophically what, if it were true, would be ruinous of the religious belief, which he holds even fervently.

And there have been many divines who with pleading for the Church, have made void the gospel.

Now should this argument seem to be novel, is it therefore necessarily the less trustworthy? For, even as to his bodily constitution, man in these latter days, is continually discovering something new, and by which he finds his health, or temporal salvation to be largely dependent on laws, of which Abraham knew nothing, nor Julius Cæsar, nor yet Martin Luther. The primary facts of life, as connected with his skin and lungs, man is but just now learning: and so it may well be supposed, that as connected with his spiritual nature, there may be common things, of which the full significance has not yet been taken.

A dream of much particularity which comes true, an oracular dream argues not only that man can dream, which comes true, but that he can dream under influence, and from spiritual connection of some kind. And if one man can dream in that way, so perhaps in that way may another be capable of inspiration, even while wide awake. That kind of dream, which Cicero calls the natural oracle, is presumptive proof, as to the actuality of revelation, and as to the reality of those spiritual faculties in man, which Christianity presupposes.

There have been some eight or ten dreams, which have been had and published in this neighborhood, during the last twenty years, which, for an earnest thinker, would be more valuable than the whole of some metaphysical libraries. Because one fact accruing from nature is better than all the argument, which is inconsistent with it, however ingenious and laborious it may be.

What is properly the dream-faculty may be regarded as the primitive germ of revelation. It is also a simple and good proof that man is spiritually connected; and that therefore also he himself may probably be a spirit.

Actually and with full consciousness to feel himself to be a living soul, by any trial, test, or experience, within the range of his own understanding—it is the hunger and thirst of myriads; though also it is a craving, which is as dull as despair itself. And all that merely primitive want might for

many a man be satisfied by a dream, which has been had by some poor chastened widow, in his neighborhood, anxious about her absent son; only that theology has got far away from common life, and would wish to scout the smallest possible miracle of the present day, for fear of being challenged by science, in the names of uniformity and law. But actually, though those words are good enough for a lecture-room, they are altogether inadequate for what Christians ought to be ready to maintain in Church.

How many persons there are who sit in Church, only, to feel as though the darkness about them was growing more visible! How many men of ability there are, who have the gospel sound to them like an unknown tongue! Said the voice, which was heard by St. John, when he was in the Spirit, "He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches." But how can he well hear to-day, who cannot well conceive how the Spirit could ever have spoken? Persons whose ways of thinking have been almost altogether materialized — how should they understand the things of the Spirit? "The God of the spirits of all flesh" — how possibly can they pray to him in the fullness of belief, who think that they themselves, perhaps, are flesh only?

Yet if men were willing to be taught by it, a dream which is a dream, in Cicero's sense of the word, or in that of the Bible, would be enough for any ordinary degree of doubt, as to the spiritual world. But the dread of acknowledging in any way, what science might perhaps challenge for a miracle and a violation of law, is the nightmare of theology, at this time. However it is what is nothing more than a nightmare; and it will probably soon be over.

"JUST as when you see a viper or an asp or a scorpion in a casket of ivory or gold, you do not love or congratulate them on the splendor of their material, but, because their nature is pernicious, you turn from and loathe them; so likewise, when you see vice enshrined in wealth and the pomp of circumstance, do not be astounded at the glory of its surroundings, but despise the meanness of its character."

HENRY CRABB ROBINSON AND HIS FRIENDS.*

HENRY CRABB ROBINSON was a person whose mind had its free and best expression in conversation. He was a man, whose natural attitude, when he was at his best, was that of friendship. And we have derived so much pleasure from the perusal of his *Reminiscences*, we have thought it desirable to give a slight sketch of Mr. Robinson's life; and to extract from his *Diary* and *Correspondence* some of the many interesting anecdotes and personalities of the literary and otherwise celebrated persons with whom he was, during his long life, brought into close contact, and with some of whom he was intimately associated. The English copy of the work is in three large volumes; and we can truly say that it is a richer literary treat than anything that has been published for a very long time, especially as regards the numerous celebrated names therein recorded, pre-eminent amongst which we find those of Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Rogers, Hazlitt, Lamb, Clarkson, Mrs. Barbauld, Madame De Stael, Goethe, Herder, Schiller, Wieland, Tieck, Knebel, Voss, Lafayette, Benjamin Constant, and others of less note.

Mr. Robinson's own life is certainly not without interest. He was born on May 13, 1775, and died on February 8, in 1867. A period of 91 years!

His diary was begun in 1811, and was regularly continued until within five days of his death, making in all thirty-five volumes. The difficult task of sifting and arranging these various papers was wisely given, by Mr. Robinson's executors, to the Rev. Dr. Sadler, a Unitarian clergyman in Hampstead, himself a gentleman and accomplished scholar, and who has

* *Diary, Reminiscences, and Correspondence of Henry Crabb Robinson, Barrister at Law, F. S. A.* Selected and edited by Thomas Sadler, Ph. D. In 3 volumes. Republished by Fields, Osgood, & Co., Boston.

carefully and admirably selected from the mass of material with which he had to deal. Dr. Sadler, as being a man of liberal views and independence of thought, was the fit person to appreciate Mr. Robinson's similar mental characteristics, and to give them due prominence.

Mr. Robinson was by birth a Dissenter, and as such was excluded from an education in either of the English Universities. Of course, as a Unitarian, he was liberal and tolerant, and had great respect for the feelings of others. With some of the founders of the London University, he assisted largely in founding University Hall: also he aided in getting the bill passed relating to the Dissenters' Chapels, which was a measure of the very greatest importance to Unitarians, as obviating the last effects of a persecuting clause in the Act of Uniformity. In 1802, he went to Jena, in Germany, and there entered the University. His residence at this place formed an important part of his life, as he became a proficient in German literature; also he frequented the best society there. On his return to England, he became a barrister, and gradually attained to eminence in his profession.

In 1828, he quitted the bar, being at the time in the fifty-fourth year of his age! In looking back upon his life, Mr. Robinson used to say that two of the wisest acts he had done were going to the bar, and quitting the bar. After this, he devoted himself to the study of men and manners, he being always welcomed everywhere, round a wide circle of friends. His conversation is said to have been very brilliant and various, and to have had an indescribable charm. He was a scholar, widely read in German literature; and he never went out, even to walk, without a book in his pocket. Books, as he said, were the first great want of his life. Also he was eminently a social man, fond of entertaining his friends: his breakfast and dinner parties were said to be characteristic of him; as there one often met people of opposite tastes, opinions, and principles. Tories and Liberals, High-Churchmen and Dissenters,—all were free and open in expression of opinions, for he liked individuality, and loved characters: he seemed to

have an affinity with people worth knowing, and they were equally attracted by him. His powers of conversation alone did not, however, explain the charm of his society.

"A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident to-morrows ; with a face
Not worldly-minded ; for it bears too much
Of nature's impress, — gayety and health,
Freedom and hope ; but keen withal, and shrewd."

His conversation was companionship ; and his companionship, conversation. Towards the end of his life, in reply to a friend, who asked him why he had not undertaken some great literary work, he replied, " It is because I am a wise man : I early found that I had not the ability to give me such a place, among English authors, as I should have desired ; but I thought that I had an opportunity of gaining knowledge of many of the most distinguished men of the age, and that I might do some good by keeping a record of my interviews with them." From which wise foresight of his have resulted these volumes. For this wise conclusion, we are sure the reading public will thank him ; as thereby they gain so much that is rare, valuable, and instructive.

Thus we have the life of a man, not of the highest ability, but who faithfully improved his opportunities, and made the most of himself ; who lived a laborious youth, and made his latter years tell well ; and who ceased, on principle, from money-making, suddenly and without regret, at the very moment of his highest success. Widely tolerant, a liberal Christian in every sense of the word, he had Southey, Lamb, and Coleridge for his friends, and Wordsworth for his very dear and intimate friend. Wordsworth's *Memorials of a Tour in Italy* were dedicated to H. C. Robinson, his fellow-traveler, in these words : —

"Companion ! by whose buoyant spirit cheered,
In whose experience trusting day by day,
Treasures I gained with zeal, — that neither feared
The toils, nor felt the crosses of the way, —

These records take ; and happy should I be
Were but the gift a meet return to thee
For kindnesses that never ceased to flow,
And prompt self-sacrifice, to which I owe
Far more than any heart but mine can know."

The feeling with which Mr. Robinson's visit was looked for year after year at Rydal Mount is shown in many letters, from two of which a few words may be given here : " All look forward to your arrival," writes Quillinan, Wordsworth's son-in-law, " as to the holly-branch, without which no Christmas will be genuine, and I always sing the same song, — No Crabb, no Christmas ! But you will come about the 18th of December. That is settled."

In this connection may be quoted a letter from Walter Savage Landor, to the same effect : —

" I look forward, with great desire, to the time when you will come amongst us again. Arnold, who clapped his hands at hearing that I had a letter from you, ceased only to ask me, ' But does he not say when he will come back ? ' My wife and Julia send the same wishes."

He was a friend of Charles Lamb, and he mentions " that an attorney, Garwood, of Wells, told me that he was informed by his friend Evans, the son of my old friend Joseph Evans, that I was the ' H. C. R. ' mentioned in the London Magazine as the friend of Elia. ' I love Elia,' said Mr. Garwood, ' and that was enough to make me come to you.' "

The intimacy with Hazlitt was late in life, it seems, broken off : but Hazlitt said to Mary Lamb, " Robinson cuts me off ; but I shall never cease to have a regard for him, for he was the first person who ever found out there was anything in me." Mr. Robinson adds, " I was alone in this opinion at the time of which I am speaking."

Here comes in a singular illustration of the maxim, " A prophet is not without honor save in his own country." " Mr. Hutton, a very gentlemanly and seemingly intelligent man, asked me, ' Is it true, as I have heard reported, that Mr. Wordsworth ever wrote verses ? ' "

It may interest some of Mr. Wordsworth's admirers to know

that he told Mr. Robinson, that the poems, "Our Walk was far among the Trees;" then, "She was a Phantom of Delight;" next, "Let other Bards of Angels sing;" and, finally, the two sonnets, "To a Painter," in the new volume (of which sonnets, the first is only of value as leading to the second),—should be read in succession, as exhibiting the different phases of his affection for his wife.

Mr. Robinson usually spoke of Miss Lamb as "dear Mary Lamb," and loved her as well as he did her brother. It was she who wrote the charming little volume here mentioned with such enthusiasm.

WALTER S. LANDOR TO H. C. R. :—

It is now several days since I read the book you recommended to me,— "Mrs. Leicester's School;" and I feel as if I owed a debt in deferring to thank you for many hours of exquisite delight. Never have I read anything, in prose, so many times over, within so short a space of time, as "The Father's Wedding-day."

Most people, I understand, prefer the first tale,—in truth, a very admirable one; but others could have written it. Show me the man or woman, modern or ancient, who could have written this one sentence: "When I was dressed in my new frock, I wished poor mamma was alive, to see how fine I was on papa's wedding-day, and I ran to my favorite station at her bedroom door."

How natural, in a little girl, is this incongruity,—this impossibility! Richardson would have given his "Clarissa," and Rousseau his "Heloise," to have imagined it. A fresh source of the pathetic bursts out before us, and not a bitter one. If your Germans can show us anything comparable to what I have transcribed, I would almost undergo a year's gurgle of their language for it.

The story is admirable throughout,—incomparable, inimitable.

In 1805, Mr. Robinson found a new acquaintance. We give his own words: "At Hackney, I saw, repeatedly, Miss Wakefield, a charming girl, daughter of Gilbert Wakefield; and one day, at a party, when Mrs. Barbauld had been the subject of conversation, Miss Wakefield came to me, and said, 'Would you like to know Mrs. Barbauld?' I exclaimed, 'You might as well ask me whether I should like to know the Angel Gabriel.'—'Mrs. Barbauld is, however, much more

accessible; I will introduce you to her nephew, Charles Aiken' (whom she afterwards married). And he said, 'I dine, every Sunday, with my uncle and aunt, at Stoke Newington. Will you go with me next Sunday? Two knives and forks are always laid for me, and I am expected always to bring a friend with me.'

"Gladly acceding to the proposal, I had the good fortune to make myself agreeable, and soon became intimate in the house. Mrs. Barbauld bore the remains of great personal beauty: she had a brilliant complexion, light hair, blue eyes, a small elegant figure; and her manners were very agreeable, with something of the generation then departing." He goes on to say, "In the estimation of Wordsworth, she was the first of our literary women. I may here relate an anecdote connecting her and Wordsworth. Among her poems is a stanza on life, written in extreme old age. It had delighted my sister on her death-bed. It was long after I gave these works to Miss Wordsworth, that her brother said, 'Repeat me that stanza, by Mrs. Barbauld.' I did do so. He made me repeat it again, and so he learned it by heart. He was, at the time, walking in his sitting-room, at Rydal, with his hands behind him; and I heard him mutter to himself, 'I am not in the habit of grudging people their good things, but I wish I had written these lines:—

" " " Life, we have been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather :
'T is hard to part, when friends are dear, —
Perhaps 't will cost a sigh and tear.
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time.
Say not good-night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me good morning." " "

Again he visits Mrs. Barbauld.

"In the afternoon, I sat with Mrs. Barbauld, still in all the beauty of her fine taste, correct understanding, as well as pure integrity.

"I called on the Colliers, and then went to Mrs. Barbauld's. She was in good spirits, but she is now the confirmed old

lady. Independently of her fine understanding and literary reputation, she would be interesting. Her white locks, fair and unwrinkled skin, brilliant starched linen, and rich silk gown, made her a fit object for a painter. Her conversation is lively, her remarks judicious, and always pertinent.

"Walked to Newington. Mrs. Barbauld was going out, but she staid a short time with me. The old lady is much shrunk in appearance, and is declining in strength. She is but the shade of her former self, but a venerable shade. She is eighty-one years of age; but she retains her cheerfulness, and seems not afraid of death. She has a serene hope and quiet faith, — delightful qualities at all times, and, in old age, peculiarly enviable."

One saying of Coleridge is recorded. Seeing a steam-engine at work, Miss Wordsworth remarked it was impossible not to think it had feeling, — a huge beam moved slowly up and down. Coleridge said, "It was like a giant with one idea."

"My old and very honest friend, Pung, of Hanz, saw a poor old woman at a station of Calvary, in Bavaria. She was crawling on her knees up the hill. She told her story. A rich lady, who had sinned, was required by her Confessor to go on her knees up the Calvary, but she might do it by deputy. She paid this poor woman twenty-four kreutzers (8d.) for her day's journey on her knees, which, said the woman, is poor wages for a day's hard labor; and I have three children to maintain, and, unless charitable souls give me more, my children must go with half a bellyful."

Here is something too amusing to be omitted: —

"I shall never forget hearing from a fine lady, in such a rapid manner that the two members of the sentence could with difficulty be separated, 'We never omit having family-prayer twice a day, and I have not missed a drawing-room since the king came on the throne.' Of all combinations, the most unreal and spurious is that of gentility-evangelism!"

We may insert this as showing the Scotch Presbyterian; also, as exemplifying the good temper of Mr. Robinson himself: —

"On the 9th of September, an incident occurred especially amusing in connection with what took place immediately afterwards. I rose very early to see a new place, and (it was between six and seven), seeing a large building, I asked a man, who looked like a journeyman weaver, what it was. He told me a grammar-school. 'But, sir,' he added, 'I think it would become you better, on the Lord's-day morning, to be reading your Bible at home than asking about public buildings.' I very quickly answered, 'My friend, you have given me a piece of very good advice; let me give you one, and we may both profit by our meeting: Beware of spiritual pride.' The man scowled with a Scotch surliness, and apparently did not take my counsel with as much good-humor as I did his."

A reminiscence of Copley, who was afterwards Lord-Chancellor Lyndhurst:—

"At a soirée at Professor DeMorgan's, at Camden-town. Mrs. DeMorgan was a daughter of Frend's. His son was there, and heard me relate, with great pleasure, what Sergeant Rough told me,—that he, together with Copley, afterwards Lord-Chancellor Lyndhurst, and a future bishop (name forgotten), was chased by the Proctors at night, in the streets, for chalking on the wall, 'Frend forever!' The future bishop alone was caught. Even High-Church Tories are not ashamed of the liberal freaks of their youth."

We find this bit of Oriental information:—

"Colonel D'Orsey was at Mosqueries' this evening. A very agreeable man, who has been some years in Persia. He explained to us the meaning of the signets, so often mentioned in the Bible and Oriental writings. In Persia, every man has three seals: a large one, in which he testifies his messages to an inferior; a small one, sent to a superior; and a middle-signet, for an equal. Every man has about him an Indian-ink preparation, and, instead of signing his name, he sends an impression of his seal, as a proof that the messenger comes from him."

In Germany, he saw much of Arndt, the old patriot-poet.

"Arndt quoted a *mot* from Luther: 'He who is not handsome at twenty, strong at thirty, learned at forty, and rich at

fifty, will not be handsome, strong, learned or rich in this world.' Arndt, on the state of religion, says: 'I am a Christian; I believe in a sort of Revelation; I do not believe that the Maker of heaven and earth was crucified, nor that the Holy Spirit is a person. I worship Christ as a holy person. He is the purest and highest form of humanity ever known: I do not pretend to know anything of the mystery of his nature; that is no concern of mine. But I take the Scripture as the guide of life, and if I could only act up to one-half of what it teaches, it would be well. I am for the Bible, and against the Priests.'"

Here is a *bon-mot* too good to be passed over:—

"One incident is worthy of mentioning. Some one spoke of the American sect called *Christ-ians*. 'Ay,' said one of the divines, 'it is safer to lengthen a syllable than a creed.' This, as a *mot*, is excellent."

Mr. Shepard here gives a droll story which Mr. Robinson appreciates, and thus writes:—

"Shepard is an amusing, and, I have no doubt, also an excellent man. He related a droll anecdote, which he had just heard from the manager of Covent-Garden Theatre. 'We have to do,' said the manager, 'with a strange set of people. Yesterday there was a regular quarrel between a carpenter and a scene-shifter about religion; one was a Jew, whom the other, a Christian, abused as belonging to a blood-thirsty race. "Why am I blood-thirsty?" replied the Jew. "When my forefathers conquered Palestine, they killed their enemies, the Philistines; but so do you English kill the French. We are no more blood-thirsty than you."—"That is not what I hate your people for; but they killed my God, they did."—"Did they? Then you may kill mine, if you can catch him."'"

Here, too, we find the following anecdote of Horne, Tooke:—

"Anthony Robinson related an anecdote of Horne Tooke showing the good-humor and composure of which he was capable. Holcroft was with him at a third person's table. They had a violent quarrel; at length Holcroft said, as he

rose to leave the room, 'Mr. Tooke, I tell you, you are a — scoundrel, and I always thought you so.' Tooke detained him, and said, 'Mr. Holcroft, some time ago, you asked me to come and dine with you; do tell me what day it shall be.' Holcroft staid."

Flaxman, the sculptor, was a near friend of Mr. Robinson, and in connection with his name we extract the following:—

"I dined in Castle Street, and then took tea at Flaxman's. A serious conversation on Jung's '*Theorie der Geisterkunde*,' — 'Theory of the Science of Spirits.' Flaxman is prepared to go a very great way with Jung; for, though he does not believe in animal magnetism, and has a strong and very unfavorable opinion of the *art*, and though he does not believe in witchcraft, yet he does believe in ghosts, and he related the following anecdotes as confirming his belief: Mr. E—— ordered of Flaxman a monument for his wife, and directed that a dove should be introduced. Flaxman supposed it was an armorial crest; but, on making inquiry, was informed that it was not, and was told this anecdote as explanatory of the required ornament: When Mrs. E—— was on her death-bed, her husband, being in the room with her, perceived that she was apparently conversing with some one. On asking her what she was saying, Mrs. E—— replied, 'Do not you see Miss —— at the window?' — 'Miss —— is not here,' said her husband. 'But she is,' said Mrs. E——, 'she is at the window, standing, with a dove in her hand, and she says she will come again to me on Wednesday.' Now this Miss ——, who was a particular friend of Mrs. E——, resided at a distance, and had been dead three months. Whether her death was then known to Mrs. E——, I cannot say. On the Wednesday, Mrs. E—— died.

"Flaxman also related that he had a cousin, a Dr. Flaxman, a dissenting minister, who died many years ago. Flaxman, when a young man, was a believer in ghosts, and the doctor an unbeliever. A warm dispute on the subject having taken place, Mr. Flaxman said to the doctor, 'I know you are a very candid, as well as honest man; and I now put it to you whether you have never experienced anything which tends to

prove that appearances of departed spirits are permitted by Divine Providence.' Being thus pressed, the doctor confessed that the following circumstance had taken place: There came to him once a very ignorant and low fellow who lived in his neighborhood to ask him what he thought of an occurrence that had taken place the preceding night. As he lay in bed, on a sudden, a very heavy and alarming noise had taken place in a room above him, where no one was, and which he could not account for. He thought it must come from a cousin of his, at sea, who had promised to come to him whenever he died. The doctor scolded at the man, and sent him off. Some weeks afterwards, the man came again to tell him that his cousin, he had learned, was drowned that very night!

"When I was at Frankfort (1834), Charlotte Serviere told me, with apparent faith, that Madame (a blank in the MS.), a woman of great intelligence, was in Goethe's house at the time of his death, and that she and others heard sweet music in the air. No one could find out whence it came. In the eyes of the religious, Goethe was no saint, but rather a Belial, or corrupt spirit, who was rendered most dangerous by his combination of genius and learning with demoniacal influences."

In 1817, Henry Crabb Robinson writes, "The infirmities of age are growing upon me." In 1864, Mr. Robinson notes on this, "What did I mean by old age forty-seven years ago?"

And so his years slipped along until he had counted ninety-one birthdays. Scarcely to the last did he fully feel that he was growing old; and then, "when everything seemed to tire," there was, with this feeling of mortal weariness, another feeling which was that of being —

"On the brink of being born."

He died on Tuesday, Feb. 5, 1867; and up to the preceding Saturday, his conversation and his memory continued in vigor. On the morning of Saturday, Mr. DeMorgan was with him, and saw no change until his luncheon, when he ap-

peared somewhat lethargic. His medical attendant was summoned, and it was soon found that the end had begun.

It is difficult to describe Mr. Robinson by common characteristics ; but one may truly say he had a large share of human nature, with few of its follies, and many of its virtues. What an enviable privilege did they enjoy who had his friendship, and how thoroughly loyal he was to those he called his friends ! How rare such geniality of temper in an old man, and how wonderful his rich memory ! A good old man, indeed, who will be remembered along with Wordsworth and Charles Lamb, and whose influence is, we think, not soon to cease ; for it will extend into the future, and be perpetuated in tendencies of thought in England, of which the end is not yet.

These volumes which we have reviewed will stand hereafter, it seems to us, with Boswell's life of Johnson, and with the letters of Horace Walpole. Good old man ! We regret taking leave of him, and there will, no doubt, be many a reader of his journal who will feel as though he had made the acquaintance of a man who might have been his friend.

So, although we part from him with regret, we do not wholly take leave of him. The words of his friend, Mrs. Barbauld, which he knew of before his going hence, perhaps he may repeat to himself, as he looks back on this world, —

“ Say not good-night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me good-morning.”

E. C. M.

BY THE WAY OF THE SEA.

UNION CHURCH AT NAHANT.

Is it generally known, amongst those who love to believe in “ one Lord, one faith, and one baptism,” that for many years (long enough to have outgrown and worn out one house of worship) a Union Church has been maintained at Nahant by the dwellers in the summer cottages ; and that Trinitarian, Unitarian, and Orthodox Congregationalists wor-

ship together within hospitable walls duuring the "season," to their great contentment, and, it is hoped, edification? Such is the case; and this summer has been marked by the dedication of a very tasteful place of prayer, mostly of stone, and so catholic in its appointments that all sorts of worshipers, from the High-Churchman to the plainest Congregationalist, can have what they want. For the one, there is a chancel and a lectern; for the other, a pulpit; and clergymen of the various denominations take their places Sunday by Sunday, and the things about which they are agreed are found to be sufficient, not only for one service, but for two, and that even whilst the dog-star rages. The dedication services were conducted by Rev. Dr. A. P. Peabody; Bishop Clarke followed in some sermons as earnest as they were broad, and President Mark Hopkins preached with a directness and energy which did not allow any to remember that he is verging towards threescore and ten. Robert Collyer was listened to on the 15th of August with great interest. He took it for granted that such an audience would look for only one service, and had accordingly engaged to be elsewhere for the evening. He promised however, should he come again, to preach three times, in order to make up for the short allowance of this summer. We see no reason why such arrangements may not be universal. A very large number of persons are quite content with a Christianity which does not emphasize denominational peculiarities, and, however much they may be attached to their own special forms and opinions, are very glad to hear voices from other quarters of the Church. Such movements, when the preachers understand their opportunity, are eminently serviceable to the cause of a broad and experimental Christianity. No one would come before an audience so gathered with his particular theory of Christianity. He would preach Christianity itself in its great everlasting verities, not so much with a desire not to offend, as with a purpose to utter that great Word which is believed by each because it is believed by all who are within the sweep of that Divine Influence. It is a blessed Church for those who have no desire to nurse antagonisms, but strive to

forget, in their-setting forth of repentance towards God and faith in Jesus Christ, that Christians are not one company, and take it as a matter of course that what they say in faith will be heard in faith. We are permitted to put on record, in our Magazine, the following Dedication Hymn : —

DEDICATION HYMN FOR NAHANT CHURCH.

Father Almighty, unto thee
This humble altar now we raise,
Where those who wander here may bring
Their offerings of prayer and praise.

Emblem of faith and Christian hope,
Long may it stand upon this steep,
Where thy creative power is seen
In all the wonders of the deep !

Here may we listen to thy voice,
Heard in soft murmurs on the shore,
Or in the thunder of the waves
That break amid the tempest's roar.

Here may we view thy works sublime,
Marvels of earth and sky and sea,
And breath this pure health-giving air,
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee.

Oh ! bless this house ; and may it be
A portal leading to thy throne,
Through which thy children may discern
The glories they can make their own !

Here let all worldly strife be stayed ;
And here be found, in thy Son's name,
That " Peace on earth, good will to men,"
Which angel hosts did once proclaim.

INVOCATION.

Father Almighty ! fill our souls
With heavenly influence from above,
That we may do thy will on earth,
And dwell with thee in endless love.

NEWPORT.

We have come to feel that the summer has not been all

that it ought to have been to us, unless we have had our week at Newport. No other sea-bathing that we know of can be compared with what waits for you on that soft beach amongst those glorious breakers; and whilst your eye rests everywhere upon stately houses and fair grounds, which are quite as helpful to you as to their owners, there is also a public way, for miles, along the magnificent cliffs and by the shore of the resounding sea. It is instructive, for one who wishes to know what men and women are doing, to watch them on "The Avenue," as in other places; to see that the men have not ceased to be centaurs, nor the women quite ougrown barbaric splendors of attire. The most fascinating spectacle is the pony carriage with its child-driver: not the donkey cart, — that poor donkey has too hard a time of it to allow the idea of the picturesque; and yet, for children so brought up, what remains in after-life in the way of entertainment? How hopeless to devise a child's party for such little *blases*! The cottages at Newport were never more in demand; but the hotel in the early part of August was only half full: the tone of the city was very quiet, and everybody seemed to be drinking in the delicious air of the place, and feasting upon beauty after a most healthy and rational fashion. Add entire rest from every care in a hospitable home, and what more can man or woman ask for vacation-days? Our friend, Rev. Mr. Brooks, works on bravely, making sermons for Sundays, and poems and much else for the yearly fair of the society. As to pecuniary compensation, some of our best ministers do not receive so much as the bricklayers who are piling up the houses of new Boston on the "Back Bay." A coachman's place, including the liveries, is more remunerative in what we figuratively call money. What is to become of such a parish as that of the Unitarians in Newport when Mr. Brooks can no longer perform the double service which he now renders? We can only answer, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." One thing is sure: so long as he is with them, they will rejoice in a very sweet and pleasant light. Let them be very thankful.

E.

VACATION READING.

EDWARD IRVING.

FOR a long time we have meant to read Mrs. Oliphant's *Life of Edward Irving*, but could not command the hours. This summer we have accomplished it; and the book has satisfied a great expectation, and justified the report of it which had been brought to us from many quarters. What a rich life it was, and yet how sad in its closing years! A sacrifice to petty sectarianism, and to a Scripture literalism from which even his robust nature could in no wise free itself. Holding a most orthodox and most practical view of the incarnation, a view which really brought God near to suffering, sinful man, he was adjudged a heretic by some Scotch theologians to whom unhappily he had subjected himself; and, eager to reproduce in our day a living Christianity, he was misled into crediting certain travesties of the gospel wonders known as "the speaking with tongues," and so, with the accompaniment of pulmonary disease, hastened, if not brought on by over-anxiety and over-work, his sun sank out of these heavens to rise in the unclouded sky. A man of wondrous gifts, consecrated through and through to his work, as faithful a pastor and minister to the poor and afflicted as he was an eloquent preacher, he accomplished a long time even in his few years; and yet we say, If he could only have had the health and Christian common sense to have put aside what our age has outgrown in the vesture of religious truth, and given himself, in this world of sin and trouble, to the realities of which he had such a keen sense even whilst he was predicting the speedy end of all earthly things, and trying to satisfy himself with the stammering lips of the prophets whose babblings added not a word to his rich Christian utterances! The Spirit gave him life beyond any preacher of his time; beyond Chalmers, whose assistant he was in the beginning, but whose

conventional theology he speedily outgrew: but the Letter killed him. He sought with the intensest desire, and with prayer day and night unceasingly, to make his Christianity altogether real, and yet wasted his splendid gifts in protracted discourse about the obscure images in Ezekiel, Daniel, and the Apocalypse! Far more easily, than over the most touching fictions, can one shed tears over such a life; brave, faithful, hopeful, charitable, patient to the very end: yes, when the prophets of his own summoning-forth assumed a lordship over him, and made him a mere tool in a poor picayune sort of church, a wretched caricature of the grand apostolic estate of primitive Christianity! A short life was his, and yet long enough, if such must be the residue of it, if there could be no escape even for that regal soul from that terrible enchanted land of mysticism and symbolism. Irving's experience was a *reductio ad absurdum* of much that he believed only too heartily.

THE SEVEN CURSES OF LONDON.*

How much better had Irving been employed all the time, instead of only a small part of the time, in ministering to the suffering and dangerous classes of London, allowing the question about the end of the world to get itself settled as it could! For labors of this sort, he had singular gifts. It was his life to spend and be spent for others. It is one of the most encouraging signs of the times that we are determined to at least know the facts about the dark abodes of our great cities. Mr. Greenwood has made a sad book, not exactly entertaining reading for the dog-days. As we turn over the pages bristling with horrible statistics, we ask, What are we Protestants thinking about, that we ever should have cast reproach upon Roman-Catholic cities, and expatiated upon the degradation to which the Romish priest reduces his dupes? Let us look at home. It cannot be wondered at that English philanthropy is almost at its wits' end. Since 1851, the popu-

* The Seven Curses of London. By James Greenwood, the Amateur Casual. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co. 1869.

lation of London has increased thirty-four per cent, whilst the cost of relieving the poor has doubled, and, the worst of it is, they are *not relieved*. The most wretched bushmen of Africa are not in a more wretched condition than increasing multitudes in the city of London. And yet the book before us points out many promising ways of relief; and we know that a host of wise and efficient workers, some of them grouped in brotherhoods and sisterhoods, and others living in the world, and wearing citizens' clothes, is banded and engaged to overcome the evil with good. Christianity, which to some seems outworn and antiquated, is equal to the task: only it must not and will not spend time in ecclesiastical courts trying men for omitting the word "regenerate" in the baptismal service. Christian life is too precious for such trifling. Mr. Greenwood bears unqualified and emphatic testimony to the value of the Christian missionary, and to the success which attends his labors even amongst the most hardened. We are tempted to make the following extracts from his exceedingly painful and yet very interesting book.

"I never asked questions about their affairs, or meddled with things that did not concern me," says the gentleman in question. I can answer for it that my pastor friend of the Cow-Crow mission was less forbearing. With seasoned middle-aged scoundrels he seldom had any conversation; but he never lost a chance of tackling young men and lads on the evil of their ways, and to a purpose. Nor was it his soft speech or polished eloquence that prevailed with them. He was by no means a gloomy preacher against crime and its consequences: he had a cheerful, hopeful way with him, that much better answered the purpose. He went about his Christian work humming snatches of hymns in the liveliest manner. One day, while I was with him, we saw skulking along before us a villainous figure, ragged and dirty, and with a pair of shoulders broad enough to carry sacks of coal. "This," whispered my missionary friend, "is about the very worst character we have. He is as strong as a tiger, and almost as ferocious. 'Old Bull,' they call him."

I thought it likely we would pass without recognizing so dangerous an animal, but my friend was not so minded. With a hearty slap on his shoulder, the fearless missionary accosted him.

"Well, Old Bull!"

"Ha! 'ow do, Mr. Catlin, sir?"

"As well as I should like to see you, my friend. How are you getting along, Bull?"

"O werry dickey, Mr. Catlin." And Bull hung his ears, and pawed uncomfortably in a puddle, with one slip-shod foot, as though in his heart resenting being "pinned" after this fashion.

"You find matters going worse and worse with you, ah?"

"They can't be no worser than they is: that's *one* blessin'."

"Ah! now there's where you're mistaken, Bull. They *can* be worse a thousand times: and they *will*, unless you turn over a fresh leaf. Why not, Bull? See what a tattered, filthy old leaf the old one is!"

(Bull, with an uneasy glance towards the outlet of the alley, but still speaking with all respect), "Ah, it's all that guv'nor."

"Well, then, since you *must* begin on a fresh leaf, why not try the right leaf, — the honest one? Eh, Bull, just to see how you like it."

"All right, Mister Catlin. I'll think about it."

"I wish to the Lord you would, Bull. There's not much to laugh at, take my word for that."

"All right, guv'nor: I a'n't a larfin'. I mean to be a reg'lar model, some day, — when I get time. Morning, Mr. Catlin, sir."

And away went Old Bull, with a queer sort of grin on his repulsive countenance, evidently no better nor worse for the brief encounter with his honest adviser, but very thankful indeed to escape.

"I've been up into that man's room," said my tough, little, cheerful missionary, "and rescued his wife out of his great cruel hands, when the three policemen stood on the stairs, afraid to advance another step."

NOVALIS (FRIEDERICH VON HARDENBERG).

ON THE FUTURE OF CHRISTIANITY.

WE turn from the pages of an observer, nay, of one who has himself passed nights in work-houses, to the words of a very sweet and hopeful dreamer, who bids us believe that good shall come forth out of all these miseries, and beauty from ashes. Novalis was born in 1772, in Saxony, and died before he had completed his twenty-ninth year, but not before he had written words which will long be read with interest, and which are gaining a striking fulfillment in our time. As far

as publicity is concerned, the pamphlet from which we propose to make a few extracts may almost be said never to have been published. It contains a translation of a fragment entitled "Christianity, or Europe," and of "Hymns to Night." "Novalis was one of several persons discontented with the dead, dry formalism of thought, into which the Protestantism of Germany had fallen, and who strove from his spiritual instincts for something better. Whether he would have been contained within the Catholic Church, had he lived long, would seem to be very doubtful. It is new wine in an old bottle; and the pamphlet itself would seem to suggest a strength in the wine which the old bottle would hardly have been able long to contain. 'Heinrich Von Osterdingen,' his chief work, was published in Boston some thirty years since."

That the time of the resurrection of religion hath come, no historical mind can deny; for even the very events that seemed directed against her existence, that threatened her complete downfall, have become the most favorable symptoms of her regeneration. From the destruction of every positive institution, she raises aloft her glorious head, as the new foundress of the world. As man of himself rises up towards heaven, when nothing earthly binds him, so the higher organs spontaneously rise out of their common uniform state unto a perfect freedom from the power and imposition of man, as the seed of every earthly form at first appears. The Spirit of God moveth over the waters, and a heavenly island is visible on the receding waves, to become the abode of renovated humanity, the well-spring of eternal life.*

Let the careful observer quietly and impartially notice the new political revolutions of the times. Does not the State reformer appear unto us as Sisyphus? He has now reached the point of the equilibrium; but already the mighty burden rolls down again on

* "Aus der Vernichtung alles Positiven, hebt sie ihr glorreiches Haupt als neue Weltstifterin empor. Der Geist Gottes schwebt über den Wassern, und ein himmlisches Eiland wird als Wohnstätte der neuen Menschen, als stromgebiet des ewigen Lebens sichtbar über den zurückstromenden Wogen."

the other side. It will never remain at the top, if some attraction do not keep it balanced on high towards heaven : all our props are too weak, when the State has a tendency towards the earth. But only bind it by a holier desire after the high places of heaven,—only attract it above the world,—then will it possess an undying strength, and all your labors will be richly rewarded. I refer you to history : search in its instructive and connected events for similar periods, and learn to make use of the magic wand of analogy. Shall the French Revolution remain the same, as the Reformation of Luther did? Shall Protestantism be again established in an unnatural manner, as a revolutionary constitution? Shall character give place to character? Do you seek the root of the evil in the old order of things, in the ancient spirit? Do you hope to see a better arrangement, a better spirit, arise? Oh, that the Spirit of spirits may possess you, and keep you from the foolish attempt of remolding history and mankind! Are not these self-durable? are they not independent, and as infinitely worthy of love as they are prophetic? Think of nothing, then, but of following them, of studying them, of learning from them, of advancing with them at an even pace, and of fulfilling faithfully their commands and injunctions. In France, much has been done for religion since the right of citizenship has been taken away; and this, not in one person only, but in all its countless individual forms. * * * *

In every branch of art and science, we may perceive a mighty fermentation. A boundless spirit unfolds itself on all sides. New and fresh mines are examined and explored. Never were the sciences in better hands, and never, at least, did they raise greater expectations. Subjects are studied under all their various points of view; nothing is left undisturbed, unexamined, uncriticised. Every department is cultivated; writers have become more original and powerful; every ancient historical monument, every art, every science, has its friends and admirers, which is embraced with new ardor, and rendered fruitful. An unparalleled many-sidedness, a wonderful depth, a polished literature, a comprehensive knowledge, and a rich, powerful imagination, are here and there found, and oft boldly united together. A powerful opposition to creative free-will, a boundlessness, the infinite variety, the sacred personality, the all-capability of the inward man, appear to be stirring in every direction. A portion of mankind, awakened from the morning dream of helpless childhood, exercise their first power on snakes, which twine around their cradle, desirous of depriving them of the use of

their limbs. But as yet, everything is merely indicative ; everything is disconnected, imperfect. But to an historical eye, they disclose an universal individuality, a new history, a renovated humanity, when a loving God and his Church shall unexpectedly be united in the sweetest embrace ; when the mind, in its thousand different powers, shall inwardly conceive a new Messiah. Who feels not this sweet glow of better hopes ? The "New-born" will be the image of his Father, a new golden Period, with heavenly features ; a prophetic, wonder-working, wound-healing one, comforting us, and enkindling hopes of eternal life ; a propitiation-period ; a Saviour who, as a good genius dwelling among men, will not be seen, but only believed in : visible to the believer, in countless forms, he will be eaten as bread and wine ; embraced, as a beloved one ; drawn in, as we breathe the air ; and, when dead, received, amidst the deepest sorrows of love, into the innermost part of the becalmed soul. * * * *

There has been enough of war ; but never will it cease until the palm-branch be taken up, which a spiritual power alone can offer us. Blood will continue to flow over Europe until the nations shall become sensible of the fearful frenzy that now whirls them round in a circle, until, influenced and softened by sacred music, they return in crowds to their ancient altars, and undertake the work of Peace ; and on the reeking battle-field, amidst burning tears, solemnize a great love-feast as a peace-festival. Religion alone can again awake all Europe ; she alone can give security to the people ; can invest Christendom with higher glory, and visibly re-instate her on earth in her ancient peace-making office.

Have not the nations received everything from man except his holy organ, the heart ? Will not friends forget every animosity in the tomb of their love, when the heavenly Sympathizer speaks unto them ? Will not grief and sensibility fill their eyes with tears ? Will they not offer and resign themselves to Omnipotence, and long again to become friends and allies with each other ? Where is that ancient, lovely, and alone sanctifying faith in the government of God upon earth, that heavenly confidence which men had in each other ; where that sweet regard for the effusions of god-like minds, that all-embracing spirit of Christianity ? Christianity has a threefold character : one is the generative element of religion, as a friend to all religions ; another that of a mediator in general, as believing in the all-fitness of every earthly thing to become the bread and wine of eternal life ; a third, that of a belief in Christ, in his Mother, and the saints. Choose any of these you please, — choose all the

three, it is immaterial, — thereby you will become Christians and members of one perpetual, inexpressibly happy community.

Active and vigorous was the old Catholic faith of Christendom : this is the last form of its character. Its all-presence in life, its love for art, its deep humanity, the indissolubility of its marriages, its friendly sympathy with men, its joy in poverty, its obedience and fidelity, clearly prove it to be the true religion, and they include the grounds of its constitution.*

SPIRIT OF THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

CASE OF REV. MR. CHENEY. The newspapers, sacred and secular, are much occupied with the affairs of Rev. Mr. Cheney, the Episcopal minister who has been called to account, by Bishop Whitehouse of Illinois, for omitting the word "regenerate" in the office for the baptism of infants. The whole matter seems to us a most unwarrantable waste of precious time. A five-minutes' conference of the respondent with the bishop should have settled the business ; indeed, Mr. Cheney ought not to have compelled the authorities of his church to seek him with any remonstrance or complaint. The law of his denomination exacts the use of a Book of Common Prayer in all the public services of religion, and in the administration of the ordinances ; not a part of it, but the whole of it ; not the part which the High Church enjoys, but the whole of it ; not the part which the Low Church approves, but the whole of it. For reasons which seem to

* "Seine Allgegenwart im Leben seine Liebes, zur Kunst, seine tiefe Humanitat, die Unverbruchlichkeit seiner Ehen, seine menschenfreundliche Mittheilbarkeit, seine Freude an der Armuth, Gehorsam und Treue machen ihn als achte Religion unverkenbar, und enthalten die Grundzuge seiner Verfassung."

the Episcopalians satisfactory, they require this uniformity. They do not claim that the plan is without objections and difficulties, but that it involves fewer objections and difficulties than any other. And, whatever we may think of the wisdom or unwisdom of their method, that *is* their method; and it is for a clergyman to say whether he individually approves of it, and whether he individually is willing to conform to it, understanding that he has no more right to alter one word than to alter fifty, no more right to change a phrase because he is a Low-Churchman than because he is a High-Churchman. We confess that it seems to us a matter of simple honesty and simple manners, though far be it from us to imply that Mr. Cheney is either dishonest or ungentlemanly. We are free, however, to say that he does not commend himself to us as a man of common sense, and certainly he has been the occasion of placing Christians in a very ridiculous light before a world which may well find apology in such absurd waste of precious power for talking of the dotage and decrepitude of a Church, that in an age so morally needy as ours proposes to spend a year or more in getting rid of a man who ought at once to join some freer connection, or persuade his congregation to allow him the free use of the Liturgy. What right has Mr. Cheney to take up the world's time, and make all this pother, because he cannot bear to give up his place in the Episcopal Church, and yet steadily refuses to obey the law of the Church? Certainly the company of men and women known as Episcopalians have a right to prescribe what shall be the order of worship amongst themselves, — a right to say that only those who are willing to conform to this order shall be their ministers. Mr. Cheney is *not* willing, and it is simply indecent for him to remain where he is; and he himself would see it, and does see it, only let the innovation be the other way. It is said, "Usage allows a certain freedom." We do not believe that the Episcopal Church has ever stultified itself by any such toleration. It has never said, "We wish a service, and that it shall be substantially this," least of all, — "We wish a service, and in a matter so vital as this which exercises Mr. Cheney we leave it to the indi-

vidual incumbent, be he broad, or high, or low, or what not." It has said, "There is the book. If you don't like it, the world is wide; go somewhere else; go where the book is not required; where you can enjoy the liberty which you prize, and which we think only mischievous." And then, as to this appeal to the civil authorities, how can we do other than deplore and protest against it? Let the various denominations of Christians manage these matters within themselves. If Mr. Cheney cannot get justice from the Bishop of Illinois, or what he considers justice, if that strict disciplinarian will not allow him to eat the Episcopal cake in peace after having picked out everything which either sticks in the throat or is hard to digest, — let him appeal to the higher tribunals of his church, and, if he does not prosper even so, let him ask himself whether the mistake, after all, is not in this, — that he should be under any such fallible authority at all. Fortunately the worst that can happen to him is to lose his *status* as an Episcopal minister, — his *property*, as the judge explains it in that capacity; but there are many of us who never had that at all, and yet have managed to make a live of it, and perhaps to do a little good. No doubt Mr. Cheney is sorry to give it up, and go outside; but he ought to have gone long ago. That baptismal service was never written for a man who holds Mr. Cheney's opinions to read. Some of the papers make a distinction between an attempt of the civil courts to settle points of theology, and their interference to secure fair play according to canon-law and mere method of procedure in the matters of notice and jury and testimony, etc. It is a dangerous distinction. The civil courts should have nothing to do with the matter whatever. It is n't their quarrel. Let those who made the law, and know what they made it for, interpret the law, and apply the law from first to last. They are as competent and as unprejudiced, to say the least, as most of the judges whose aid would be invoked. Moreover, if the civil courts begin with the outside things, they will presently strike deeper. We question, moreover, whether our civil judges have any right to give to such work the time which belongs to the people for the promotion of public morality.

We do not pay judges even the poor salaries they get in order to see that the various religious bodies proceed according to rule in receiving or excluding ministers. If indeed any man or body of men attempt to depreciate a *character*, the law, if called upon, must defend that character; but the pecuniary loss which may be imposed upon a clergyman by ejection on account of doctrine or ceremony from a religious denomination would certainly be set down amongst the "one-cent-damage" kind. Nay, a little persecution of this sort has made the fortune of many a very dull preacher. Gallio, who has had in some quarters a bad name which he did not deserve, gave a very good rule for these things. "*If it be a question of words and names and of your law, look ye to it, for I will be no judge of such matters.*" We know nothing and care nothing about Judge Jameson's law; but we should think more highly of him, as a man of sense, if he had said, when they asked for an injunction, "It is none of my business: settle it your own way." Why will not each man go to his own place without making such an intolerable fuss about it? How can Mr. Cheney justify himself *in foro conscientie* for availing himself of the merest technicalities when he is breaking one of the commandments of his Church? Is the world to be turned upside down because some twenty-five Episcopalian clergymen wish to keep their ecclesiastical *status* without obeying the rule of their body? Is Mr. Cheney to do what he pleases because Bishop Whitehouse is a haughty and cold and distant man, suspected, too, of ritualistic tendencies? In this day of injunctions, better petition the Supreme Court to lay an injunction upon all such intermeddling as Judge Jameson has been betrayed into.

—"THE CATHOLIC WORLD" UPON "OUR ESTABLISHED CHURCH."—This periodical, in the August number, corrects some misstatements of an article in "Putnam" leveled at the Roman-Catholic Church, and takes occasion to disclaim even the wish on the part of that Church of being an Establishment. It cannot so concede the supremacy of the State. But "The World" maintains that the Catholics should have

a portion of the public-school money to spend in their own way.

"On this question of education, we and non-Catholics no doubt stand at opposite poles. We cannot accept their views, and they will not accept ours. Between them and us there is no common ground on which we and they can meet and act in concert. They feel it as keenly as we do. Now, as the State owes equally respect and protection to both parties, and has no right to attempt to force either to conform to the views of the other, its only just and honest course is to abandon the policy of trying to bring both together in a system of common schools. Catholic and non-Catholic education cannot be carried on in common. In purely secular matters, Catholics and Protestants can act in common, as one people, one community: but, in any question that involves the spiritual relations of men, we and they are two communities, and cannot act in concert; and, as both are equal before the State, it can compel neither to give way to the other. This may or may not be a disadvantage; but it is a fact, and must by all parties be accepted as such.

"The solution of the problem would present no difficulty were the non-Catholics as willing to recognize our rights as we are to recognize theirs. They support secular schools, and wish to compel us to send our children to them, because they hope thus to secularize the minds of our children, — *enlighten* them, they say; darken them, we say, — and detach them from the church, or, at least, so emasculate their Catholicity that it will differ only in name from Protestantism. They regard common schools, in which secular learning is divorced from religious instruction and training, as a most cunningly devised engine for the destruction of the Church; and therefore they insist on it with all the energy of their souls, and the strength of their hatred of Catholicity. It gives them the forming of the character of the children of Catholics, and thus in an indirect way makes the State an accomplice in their proselyting schemes. Here arises all the difficulty in the case. But, whether they are right or wrong in their calculations, the State has no more right to aid them

against us, than it has to aid us against them. If it will, as it is bound to do, respect and protect the rights of conscience, or real religious liberty, it must do as the continental governments of Europe do, and divide the public schools into two classes, — the one for Catholics, and the other for non-Catholics : that is, adopt the system of denominational schools, or rather, as we would say, Catholic schools, — under the management and control of the Church, — for Catholics ; and secular schools — under its own management and control — for the rest of the community. Let the system stand as it is for non-Catholics, by whatever name they may be called ; and let the State appropriate to Catholics, for the support of schools approved by their church, their proportion of the school fund, and of the money raised by public tax for the support of public schools, simply reserving to itself the right, through the courts, to see that the sums received are honestly applied to the purposes for which they are appropriated. The State may, if it insists, fix the minimum of secular instruction to be given, and withhold all or a portion of the public moneys from all Catholic schools that do not come up to it."

On the contrary, we insist that the State should make secular education compulsory, and should provide, out of the public money, only secular schools, without attempting any religious instruction, or taking any notice of sects old or new. If Catholics think it will injure their children to learn arithmetic and geography and history in our public schools, whether from Protestant or Catholic teachers (for there should be no preference of one over the other, literary and moral qualifications being equal), let them have schools of their own, and pay for their whim; until they have found out what a foolish and costly whim it is ; but do not let our noble public schools be sacrificed to their narrowness and antiquated prejudices. Leave the Bible out of the schools, — what is read of it therein does no good, and often does harm ; but suffer no dividing of the school money, no matter how speciously and earnestly it is demanded.

— THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE. — We make the fol-

following extract from an excellent article upon this subject by President Woolsey, of Yale College, in the last "New-Englander":—

"Finally, in one very important respect, the very progress of society demands the assurances and supports of positive Christian truth. As knowledge and refinement increase, the standard of character tends to rise, and along with it will deepen the feeling of responsibility, and the pain of falling below the standard. A sense of imperfection—of sinfulness, if we may call it so, as keen as any other sense, and more indestructible,—will then be in vigorous exercise. How is this sense to be satisfied without a gospel? Heathenism has had its method of satisfying the consciousness of sin, its reconciliation of man and God, in which lay no small part of its strength. Christianity has its method, and herein lies much of the service which it has rendered to mankind. But naked Deism, the religion of human insight and natural reason, says nothing of pardon and redemption, nothing of a helping, life-giving-spirit. In this respect, it occupies a much weaker position than that which is taken by the systems of necessary development. They legitimately deny the reality of moral evil. It has for them no existence, because the will is not free, or because sin, being a necessary stage for finite minds, is not objectively evil. But a system, in which a personal God is a central principle, cannot extinguish the sense of sin, or deny its reality. Nay, the further the true refinement of society is carried, the higher the standard of character is raised, and the vaster the creation is shown to be by science, so much the more grandeur and glory are spread around the throne of God. Sin, then, tends to enlarge its dimensions before the eye of a refined age which has not thrown aside its faith in the moral attributes of God. But Deism has nothing to satisfy this sense of sin but baseless hopes and analogies drawn from the unexplained dealings of God. If God ought to forgive because the best conceptions of human virtue include forgiveness, he ought to have indignation against sin because that too enters as an element into our ideal of perfect character. And how terrible that indignation! What distance so vast as that between the Infinite One, in-

habiting his dwelling place of holiness, and a soul conscious of selfishness and of impurity ! The course of things, if Deism should be the ultimate form of religion, would be something like this. As long as the recollections and influences of Christianity survived its fall, earnest souls would hope on, they would stay their soul-hunger on the milk drawn from the breasts of their dead mother. But a new age would toss about in uncertainty, if not in despair ; or else, throwing aside their Deism, which brings before their unwearied minds the unsolved problem of the relations of sinning man to a holy God, they would hunt after peace in the fields of Atheistic or Pantheistic philosophy. Civilization with God, but without Christ, leads to a terrible dilemma. If the sense of sin remain, the life of all noble souls will be an anxious, gloomy tragedy. Or if that burden so crushing is thrown off as in a life-struggle, then the standard of character will fall, and the sense of sin grow faint to such a degree that the pardon from God craved in heathenism will not be needed, and the utmost frivolity will be reached of life and manners. In either case, the progress of civilization will be stopped ; the world of the future will be doomed ; and the "religion of the future" will turn out to be a miserable raft, unfit, after the shipwreck of Christianity, to carry the hopes and the welfare of mankind down the ages."

"GENTLE sleep," says Horace, "despises not the humble cottages of rustics, nor the shaded banks, nor valleys whose foliage waves with the western wind ;" and every reader will recall the magnificent words of our own great Shakespeare, —

"Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody ?"

RANDOM READINGS.

THE WILDERNESS.

"WHAT went ye out into the wilderness for to see?" ask the wise ones of Mr. Murray's fools,—as some of them call themselves. We went to see a good many things, and without getting fooled in the least degree. Nobody needed to be taken in by Mr. Murray's book. True there are no phantom boats on the lakes, the trees do not fall before a storm without any breath of wind, and the deer are not very thick, nor capable of being held by the tail. But the air is a celestial ether which you cannot breathe without inhaling vigor through mind and frame; the scenery is Alpine and magnificent beyond description; and to get upon one of the mountain peaks,—Marcy or McIntyre or Whiteface,—and "drink the spectacle," is an era in one's natural life. All that Mr. Murray says of the grandeur of the scenery, and the sanitary influence of these mountain airs, is entirely true. But do not ever follow in his track unless you are bent on fishing and hunting. The region of the Saranac Lakes is not the best either for mountain air or vastness of prospect. But if you go to Caldwell, at the head of Lake George, and steam down the Lake by daylight among its three hundred islands of fringing green, and over its transparent water, then cross over by stage five miles to Lake Champlain, and steam by daylight to Plattsburgh, and back either to Westport or Port Kent, with the Adirondacks on one side, and the Green Mountains on the other, receding tier beyond tier into deeper blue, you will have pictures for memory to brood over through a whole lifetime, and to furnish the scenery of delightful dreams. Then, if you land at Westport, and thence make a plunge into the wilderness, you will find some of the best-natured of stage-drivers, and roads so abominably rough that you will be sure to be jolted into a hearty appetite for fresh trout or salmon. And if you keep on through Keene, to North Elba, you will find the scenery growing upon you, more and more awfully sublime, till you come to the water-shed that separates the waters of the Hudson on the south from those that feed the lakes and rivers of the north and west. If you stop at Scott's in

North Elba, you will have excellent fare at reasonable charges ; and you will find yourself on a lofty plateau, swept by cool breezes from the giant mountains towering on every side. There is no finer spot for an artist to feast his eye, or for an invalid to drink the spirit of the hills. Whiteface looms up twelve miles away into the bluest air, sure to pull you up to his summit. You ride six miles to Lake Placid through ethers which sparkle through your veins like choice wine till you come to the head of the lake. There you find a guide, who rows you six miles over that beautiful lake—a kind of St. George in miniature—till you come to the foot of the giant peak. Then you climb and climb—not on horses, but on your feet, sometimes on your hands and knees—five thousand feet,—the last mile up a tremendous stairway of rocks and crags. The summit gained, the whole wilderness lies under your eye. Face north, and you have the Saranac Lakes on your left, with groups of smaller ones ; you have Champlain and George on your right ; and, away on the north, the St. Lawrence, in a clear day, lies gleaming like a silver thread, and the cultured valleys and green gorges wind off in all directions with endless luxuriance. Then the piles on piles of green and blue which fill the vast horizon on every side ! You are on the first land which God created (so says Agassiz) ; and no wonder he kept on with such glorious beginnings. Be sure to camp for the night on the summit, and see the sun go down, when, with Divine Alchemy, he will turn those forty lakes into masses of gleaming gold ; and be sure to wake in the morning, so as to look out from your tent and see the vapors roll up the valleys, and change to silvery wreaths, till they creep off from *beneath* you, and ridge the sky with fantastic piles of cloud. The whole mystery of cloud-land you see from a point above it ; and, when you come down, you will not book your name as one of Murray's fools.

THE DIFFERENCE.

"NEVER," says Max Müller, "shall I forget the deep despondency of a Hindoo convert, a real martyr to his faith, who had pictured to himself, from the pages of the New Testament, what a Christian country must be ; and who, when he came to Europe, found everything so different from what he had imagined in his lonely meditations at Benares. It was the Bible only that saved him from returning to his old religion, and helped him to discern, beneath theological futilities accumulated during nearly two thou-

sand years, beneath pharisaical hypocrisy, infidelity, and want of charity, the buried, but still living seed, committed to the earth by Christ and his apostles."

HEGEL, BAUR, AND "THE COMMONWEALTH."

"MR. SEARS persists in reading Hegel through the spectacles of Baur and others of 'the left wing,' and in describing him accordingly. He must be aware that the ablest Hegelians in England and America, Sterling and Harris, who do *not* study their master at second-hand, are far from accepting that interpretation of him which Mr. Sears gives out as if it were unquestionably correct."—*Commonwealth*.

What we persist in doing is looking at Baur himself, without any spectacles, and seeing what are his acknowledged theories and philosophy,—theories which have shaped and colored the New-Testament criticism of the whole Tübingen school. What English and American writers get out of Hegel is of no consequence in this connection. We think it easy to show however, in its proper place, that Baur has made legitimate use of the prime principle—the *identity of the divine and human essence*—always assumed or implied by both Schelling and Hegel, and the grand fallacy of all modern Pantheism, German, English, and American. The only modern writer that we know of who has successfully demolished it, root and branch, is Swedenborg, in his doctrine of *discrete degrees of life*, set forth in his great work "Divine Love and Wisdom;" beautifully translated, by the way, by R. Norman Foster. Henry James however, in his "Substance and Shadow," has, in his trenchant way, knocked the breath of life out of this fallacy, drawing from the armory of Swedenborg.

ISHMAELITISH CRITICISM.

"THE GATES AJAR" gives some ideas of the future life, its employments and range of exercise for the human faculties, somewhat at variance with the old notion of eternal song-singing and formal Sabbath-keeping. It describes what good people in this world recognize as rational enjoyment, and, as we happen to know, has been a solace to many hearts yearning for more definite and congenial views of the heavenly world, as a sphere, not of ghosts, but of warm-blooded humanity. This book is thus caricatured in "Hall's Journal of Health." After denouncing its "irreverence"

and "profanities," the critic goes on in a style showing his own competence for misrepresentation:—

"She writes the book with a rebelliousness of spirit which taints every page; and, as if she would die without comfort, she takes it, in the consideration that when she gets to heaven she will find her was-to-be husband already there, with a posy in his button-hole, a hat askance, mauve gloves, and a beauty of a little cane, twirling it in his hand: one while they will court over again; another, they will take a walk; at others, they will lead a pretty little poodle-dog along the streets; now and then, stop to see the monkeys perform, and feed the little canary-birds; tired of this, they sing a song, thump the piano, play the fiddle, and jump Jim Crow generally. These are not the words, exactly, but something of this sort is the idea of the book, the leading idea."

THE SUN'S ECLIPSE.

A TOTAL eclipse of the sun has occurred twice in this meridian within the memory of living men, once within the memory of not very old men. Next to witnessing the phenomenon, is reading a description of it by Horace Smith. The single sentence, "The god of day hangs in the sky a corpse," is wonderfully descriptive of the lurid gloom on the face of nature, the greenish tinge of the sky with the stars coming out at midday, with the sun turned to a dull, copper ball without rays. We copy the poem for those who have not seen and mayhap never will see a total eclipse.

'T is cloudless morning; but a frown misplaced,
Cold, lurid, strange,
Her summer smile from Nature's brow hath chased.
What fearful change,
What menacing catastrophe, is thus
Ushered by such prognostics ominous!

Is it the life of day, this livid glare,
Death's counterpart!
What means the withering coldness in the air,
That chills my heart,
And what the gloom portentous that hath made
The glow of morning a funereal shade?

O'er the sun's disk a dark orb wins its slow,
Gloom-deepening way,
Climbs, spreads, enshrouds, extinguishes, and, lo!
The god of day

Hangs in the sky a corpse : the usurper's might
Hath stormed his throne, and quenched the life of light.

A pall is on the earth : the screaming birds
 To covert speed ;
Bewildered and aghast, the bellowing herds
 Rush o'er the mead ;
While men, pale shadows in the ghastly doom,
Seem spectral forms just risen from the tomb.

Transient, though total, was that drear eclipse ;
 With might restored,
The sun re-gladdened earth ; but human lips
 Have never poured
In mortal ears the horrors of the sight
That thrilled my soul that memorable night.

To every distant zone and fulgent star
 Mine eyes could reach,
And the wide waste was one chaotic war :
 O'er all and each,
Above, beneath, around me, everywhere,
Was anarchy, convulsion, death, despair.

'T was morn, and yet a deep unnatural night
 Enshrouded heaven,
Save where some orb unsphered, or satellite,
 Frantically driven,
Glared as it darted through the darkness dread,
Blind, rudderless, unchecked, unpiloted.

A thousand simultaneous thunders crashed,
 As here and there
Some rushing planet 'gainst another dashed,
 Shooting through air
Volleys of shattered wreck, when both, destroyed,
Foundered and sunk in the engulfing void.

Others, self-kindled, as they whirled and turned,
 Without a guide,
Burst into flames, and rushing, as they burned,
 With range more wide,
Like fire-ships that some stately fleet surprise,
Spread havoc through the constellated skies.

While stars kept falling from their spheres, as though
 The heavens wept fire ;
 Earth was a raging hell of war and woe,
 Most deep and dire ;
 Virtue was vice, vice virtue, all was strife,
 Brute force was law, justice the assassin's knife.

From that fell scene my space-commanding eye
 Glad to withdraw,
 I pierced the empyrean palace of the sky,
 And shudd'ring saw
 A vacant throne, a sun's extinguished sphere, —
 All else a void, dark, desolate, and drear.

"What mean," I cried, "these sights unparalleled,
 These scenes of fear?"
 When, lo! a voice replied, — and Nature held
 Her breath to hear, —
 "Mortal, the scroll before thine eyes unfurled
 Displays a *soul eclipse*, an *atheist world*."

GEORGE LIVERMORE'S INTERVIEW WITH WORDSWORTH AND ROGERS.

MR. DEANE'S Memoir, among other good things, gives an account of Mr. Livermore's visit at London with the poet Rogers, where he met Wordsworth. He gives us glimpses of the two poets.

"Mr. Wordsworth came in, and we were introduced to him. To see the author of 'The Excursion' and the author of 'The Pleasures of Memory' together, to take them both by the hand, and listen to their conversation, was surely 'glory enough' for one day. The personal appearance of the two poets is quite unlike. Rogers is over eighty years old, yet not enfeebled by age. His manners are gentle and graceful, his countenance mild and delicate, and his voice sweet and remarkably pleasing. Wordsworth is eight or ten years younger. He is nearly a head taller than Rogers, and looks quite as old: what little hair remains on his head is quite gray. His manners are rough, his voice loud, his conversation very rapid and vehement: his whole soul seems to be thrown into the subject before him. When he is silent, he looks just like the engraved portrait in his poems. I should have known him from the resemblance.

But, when he talks, the quiet and gentle look that the engraving indicates is gone. Perhaps he was unusually excited to-day; for

he has come to London to be presented for the first time to Her Majesty, the Queen, as poet-laureate."

START IN LIFE.

GEORGE LIVERMORE tells us, in a record quoted by Mr. Deane, with what equipment he entered on the responsibilities of life. Those lives which have been crowned with the highest success have generally started in a similar way.

"On the day I was twenty-one years old, wishing in some way to signalize my majority, I asked my father for a dollar, and took a trip in the steamboat to Nahant. The fare was thirty-seven and a half cents each way, leaving me but twenty-five cents for other expenses. I could not, of course, get a dinner at any public house with this sum ; but I managed to find a grocery-store, where I got ninepence worth of gingerbread and crackers, and a glass of lemonade for six cents, which I regarded as a good dinner, and came home with six cents in my pocket. This was my start in life."

MENTAL PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM.

LEYPOLDT & HOLT have published a new Album in which the contributor photographs his mind instead of filling it with stale sentimentality and seventh-rate sonneteering. He is cross-questioned as to his likes and dislikes, and, whether he answers correctly or evasively, he reveals his tastes in the process.

We copy from "The New York Post" the following contribution to the Mental Photograph Album :—

Your Favorite Color ? — Red — when it wins.

Flower ? — Flower of the Family.

Tree ? — My own roof tree.

Object in Nature ? — A waterfall.

Hour in the Day ? — Bed-time.

Season of the Year ? — First of May.

Perfume ? — An odor of sanctity.

Jem ? — Jemima.

Style of Beauty ? — Grecian, with the bend.

Painters ? — Old masters and young mistresses.

Musicians ? — Women who play on my feelings.

Piece of Sculpture ? — God's image, cut in ebony.

Poets ? — Tupper M. F.

Poetesses ? — Mother Cary's chickens.

Prose Authors? — Walt Whitman.

Character in Romance? — Abbott's Napoleon.

In History? — Joseph.

Book to take up for an hour? — Hervey's Meditations among the Tombs.

What Book (not religious) would you part with last? — My pocket-book.

What epoch would you choose to have lived in? — Before the era of woman's rights and tights.

Where would you like to live? — In clover.

What is your favorite amusement? — Riding down Broadway in an omnibus.

What is your favorite occupation? — Endorsing for friends.

What trait of character do you most admire in Man? — Persistence.

What trait of character do you most admire in Woman? — Consistency.

What trait of character do you most detest in each? — Pure "cussedness."

If not yourself, who would you rather be? — Susan B. Anthony.

What is your idea of happiness? — Clamming.

What is your idea of misery? — Feeling that you are one too many.

What is your bete moire? — Being introduced to people I don't know.

What is your dream? — Starting in new.

What do you most dread? — Going to Brooklyn.

What do you believe to be your distinguishing characteristics? — Constancy, industry, and economy.

What is the sublimest passion of which human nature is capable? — Compassion.

What are the sweetest words in the world? — "You are my affinity."

What are the saddest words? — "I don't see it."

What is your aim in life? — Amiability.

What is your motto? — When you must, you'd better.

SEVERAL THINGS.

THE BLACK FLIES, which Mr Murray says disappear from the Adirondack region the forepart of July, and are more harmless than mosquitoes, we found there past the middle; and though the fish

wouldn't bite, the black flies would, making sores nearly as bad as Job's boils. We saw a lady pretty well scarred with them, evidently of good natural temper, who wished Mr. Murray tied up in the woods a whole afternoon and given over to their tender mercies.

"THE NEW YORK WORLD" says that some Boston Swedenborgian has had a vision of the spiritual world, and saw the Unitarians there in the frigid zone riding in chariots of ice drawn by horses without tails. Whereupon the "World" wonders why Unitarians should have the monopoly of such a delicious heaven, and outsiders be tantalized with it in dog-days. The horses being without tails, probably there are no black flies or gad-flies infesting the region.

GENERAL JACKSON, while President, was visited by George Livermore at the White House, who "was surprised to find that hard and tyrannical ruler so gentle and affable in private conversation." How could even "hard and tyrannical" people be other than gentle and affable in the genial sunshine which Mr. Livermore always diffused about him?

THE LAKE WINNIPESOCKEE—so it should be spelled—is the delightful resort of many travellers from Boston the present season. Its waters are remarkably pure and very deep, and it is said to be fed principally by springs at the bottom. It lies amidst some of the grandest New-England scenery, and between the lake and the mountain breezes, the traveler is fanned with delicious airs. "The New-York World" might find here its terrestrial heaven, if shut out from the other, which it seems to covet. The Lake has a multitude of islands of most romantic beauty, and steamboats ply daily over the lovely waters.

THERE IS A PLACE, not yet overcrowded by fashionable pleasure-seekers, on one of the loveliest shores imaginable, in sight of beautiful islands, among whose fringing green you can sail every day, where cool breezes always fan you from healthful lands, where you are within half a day's sail of romantic rapids, which you can shoot without danger if you like, and where there is a public house with a host full of kindness, and who never fleeces his guests with unreasonable charges. Where is it? Just as if we are going to tell, and find it filled up there next season, so that the charges would be trebled, and forlorn and weary travelers, with shallow pockets, not able to find a pillow there for their heads.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Mopsa, the Fairy, by JEAN INGELOW, with illustrations, published by ROBERTS BROTHERS, is a fairy tale full of the writer's poetic inspiration. The lovers of Jean Ingelow will be charmed with the book, and the children will delight in the world of fantasy and wonder which her imagination has created. The illustrations are droll and fantastic, and the snatches of song are very musical. s.

Uncle John's Flower-Gatherers, by JANE JAY FULLER, is a very pleasant and useful book, designed to give young readers some knowledge of botany without the tedium of dry technicalities. It will enable them, by hearing the lessons of kind old Uncle John, to roam the woods and fields with new eyes, and pluck the wild flowers with some intelligent interest in them, and some knowledge as to how they grow, and what they are. It will open to them some beautiful pages in one of nature's most beautiful books. New York: M. W. DODD. s.

The Memoir of George Livermore, prepared agreeably to a resolution of the Massachusetts Historical Society, by CHARLES DEANE, is a charming piece of biography. Every young man will be better for reading it, and every friend of Mr. Livermore, on going over the record, will seem to feel again the sunshine of his benevolent face. It is a pamphlet of sixty pages, printed by Wilson & Son. s.

Philip Brantley's Life Work, and how he found it, by M. E. M., is another good book, published by M. W. DODD. Philip starts in life without any religious purpose, like many other young persons, becomes religious, by which his aims are entirely changed. He becomes a teacher, and finally a preacher of the gospel, and wins the hearts of people by his goodness and unselfish devotion. The book takes the form of a personal narrative, and the lesson it teaches is excellent, showing the results of a change truly religious in consecrating the talents of a young man, inspiring and guiding them to the noble work of life.

The Dogmatic Faith: an Inquiry into the Relation Subsisting between Revelation and Dogma. By EDWARD GARBETT, M. A., Incum-

bent of Christ Church, Surbiton. Rivingtons. London, Oxford and Cambridge. 1869.

This book is to be had from Messrs. Gould & Lincoln. The author seeks to show that Christianity is more than sentiment, spiritual and ethical ; that it was born dogma ; that its Scriptures afford chapter and verse for a rich and positive creed ; that by faith we are to understand not only the act of believing, but that which is believed. As it seems to us, he has erred in trying to cover and hold more ground than is required for his purpose, and has woven into his threefold cord some very weak strands ; but his testimony in behalf of definiteness of comprehension and statement of Christian truth is very valuable and very much needed. That the author has any adequate conception of the significance of the great creeds of Christendom does not appear from his account of them ; and when he tells us that his friend, the late Rev. F. W. Robertson, lost his grasp of the great and eternal verities of the gospel by reason of a morbid shrinking from old theological phrases, we are not led to form a very favorable opinion of Mr. Garbett's discernment of spirits, or estimate of gifts. Robertson loved the old words, and strove to hold them in the new life.

E.

MESSRS. LEE & SHEPARD publish *Credo*. The book contains a vast deal of truth and a vast deal which will confirm and instruct the believer ; but it is not sufficiently full and clear upon points which are, whether reasonably or not, in question between believers and skeptics. We wish that somebody in these days of statistics would try to find out how many converts from doubt and denial are made by the modern "apologies" for Christianity. It avails not to encounter the dogmatism of the unbeliever with the dogmatism of the believer. We must go deep, deep beneath the mere letter to the spirit of which the letter is the fruit, and this without "striving and crying and lifting the voice in the street."

E.

The same publishers issue a very lively and serviceable book of *Travel in Europe* by Mrs. S. R. Urbino, who tells us what we have long wished to know, but what nobody before thought worth telling.

MESSRS. FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co. have just put forth an excellent and inexpensive edition of the sermons of F. W. Robertson, for which they are to be earnestly commended by those who prize books that are good without being stupid.

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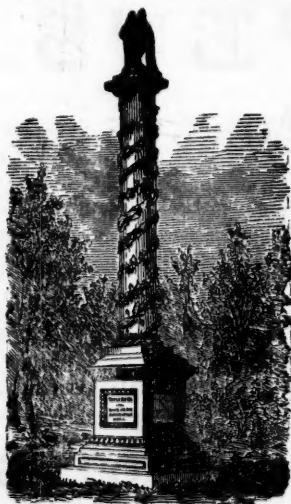
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THE MONTHLY

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Publishing Office of this Magazine will, (on or before the 15th inst.,) be at the New Bookstore of H. H. & T. W. Carter, No. 13 Beacon, (near Tremont Street,) 1st story, where subscriptions will be received, and numbers sold.

Messrs. CROSBY & DAMRELL, Booksellers and Dealers in American and Foreign Periodicals, No. 100 Washington Street, will keep for sale the Numbers of the Magazine as issued, and supply the Trade at the usual prices.

LEONARD C. BOWLES, PROPRIETOR.

October 1. 1869.

man. And not these only, though along also with the sea and leviathan! For also "the Spirit of God hath made me, and the breath of the Almighty hath given me life."

But there is another and higher sense of the phrase "Spirit of God," than that use of it. The Spirit of God created man, as it made the elephant, and it might have maintained man as man, at a certain uniformity of intelligence and character,